WOMEN
OF
THE GOSPELS
AND OTHER
POEMS

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Matilda R. Pray,
from her friend
Jno. H. Thacher.
Christmas, 1866.

THE

WOMEN OF THE GOSPELS:

THE THREE WAKINGS,

AND OTHER

POEMS.

BY THE AUTHOR OF

THE SCHÖNBERG-COTTA FAMILY.

NEW YORK:
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CARD FROM THE AUTHOR.

"The Author of 'The Schönberg-Cotta Family' wishes it to be generally known among the readers of her books in America, that the American Editions, issued by Mr. M. W. Dodd, of New York, alone have the Author's sanction."

NOTE BY THE PUBLISHER.

The volume of Poems here offered to the public has been arranged by the Author expressly for publication in this country.

In addition to what has previously appeared under the title of "The Three Wakings," this volume contains Poems furnished to us in manuscript especially for it, and many others not before published in America.

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INTRODUCTION.

TO OUR AMERICAN COUSINS.

One people in our early prime,
  One in our stormy youth;
Drinking one stream of human thought,
  One spring of heavenly truth;

One language at our mother's knee,
  One in our Saviour's prayer,—
One glorious heritage is ours;
  One future let us share.

The heroes of our days of old
  Are yours, not ours alone;
Your Christian heroes of to-day
  We love them as our own.

There are too many homeless lands,
Far in the wild free West,
To be subdued for God and man,
Replenished and possest;—

There are too many fallen men,
Far in the ancient East,
To be won back to truth and God,
From cramping bonds released;—

There is too much good work to do,
And wrong to be undone;
Too many strongholds from the foe
Yet must be forced and won;—

That we whom God hath set to be
The vanguard of the fight,
To bear the standard of his truth.
And to defend the right,

Should leave the mission of our race,
So high, and wide, and great,
On petty points of precedence,
To wrangle and debate;—

That blustering words of little men,
(With poisonous venom rife,)
Who must be angry to be heard,
Should stir us up to strife.

Nay! side by side in East and West,
In wild or heathen lands,
One prayer upon our hearts and lips,
One Bible in our hands.

One in our earliest home on earth,
One in our heavenly home,
We'll fight the battles of our King,
Until his kingdom come.

LONDON, MARCH, 1862.

PART I.

THE WOMEN OF THE GOSPELS.

MINISTRY.

"The Son of man came not to be ministered unto, but to minister."

SINCE service in the highest lot,
And all are in one Body bound,
In all the world the place is not
Which may not with this bliss be crown'd.

The sufferer on the bed of pain
Need not be laid aside from this,
But for each kindness gives again
"This joy of doing kindnesses."

The poorest may enrich this feast;
Not one lives only to receive,
But renders through the hands of Christ
Richer returns than man can give.

The little child in trustful glee,
With love and gladness brimming o'er;
Many a cup of ministry
May for the weary veteran pour.

The lonely glory of a throne
May yet this lowly joy preserve,
Love may make that a stepping stone,
And raise "I reign" into "I serve."

This, by the ministries of prayer,
The loneliest life with blessings crowds,
Can consecrate each petty care,
Make angels' ladders out of clouds.

Nor serve we only when we gird
Our hearts for special ministry;
That creature best has minister'd
Which is what it was meant to be.

Birds by being glad their Maker bless,
By simply shining sun and star;
And we, whose law is love, serve less
By what we do than what we are.

Since service is the highest lot,
And angels know no higher bliss,
Then with what good her cup is fraught
Who was created but for this!

I.

MARY THE MOTHER OF JESUS

"All generations shall call me blessed."

AGE after age has called thee bless'd,
Yet none hath fathom'd all thy bliss;
Mothers, who read the secret best,
Or angels,—yet its depths must miss.

To dwell at home with Him for years,
And prove His filial love thine own ·
In all a mother's tender cares
To serve thy Saviour in thy Son.

To see before thee day by day
That perfect life expand and shine,
And learn by sight, as angels may,
All that is holy and Divine!

Well may we heap thy blessing up
From age to age, from land to land,
Since Christ Himself that brimming cup
Gives to the lowliest Christian's hand,

The measure of a blessedness
Yet by that measure unexpress'd;
Sealing the Mother's joy with "*Yes*,"
The Christian's, with His "*rather bless'd*."

II.

THE MARRIAGE AT CANA.

"Yea, rather blessed are they who hear the word of God and keep it."

Not for thyself thy motherhood,
Nor for thy home that life-stream springs;
For thee, then, too, the higher good
Must come through death of lower things.

The village home so sweet to thee,
With joys so hallow'd and complete,
For Him no Father's House could be,
No limit for thy Saviour's feet.

The will long meekly bow'd to thine
Now calmly claims its sovereign place,
And takes a range of love Divine
Thy mortal vision cannot trace.

On us that mild reproof falls cold,
The words, and not the tone, we hear;
On thee, who knewest Him of old,
It casts no shade of doubt or fear.

For thy meek heart has read Him true,
And, bowing, wins His "*rather bless'd.*"
"*Whate'er He saith unto you, do,*"
Embracing as its rule and rest.

Then through earth's ruins heav'n shines bright;
The widest sphere, the dearest home,
Save that where Christ is Lord and Light,
Were but at last the spirit's tomb.

Thus, laying down thy special bliss,
Thou winnest joy, all joy above,
The endless joy of being His,
And sharing in His works of love.

III.

THE CROSS.

"Now there stood by the Cross of Jesus His mother."

THE strongest light casts deepest shade,
The dearest love makes dreariest loss,
And she His birth so bless'd had made
Stood by Him dying on the cross.

Yet since not grief but joy shall last,
The day and not the night abide,
And all time's shadows, earthward cast,
Are lights upon the "other side;"

Through what long bliss that shall not fail,
That darkest hour shall brighten on!
Better than any angel's "*Hail!*"
The memory of "*Behold thy Son!*"

Bless'd in thy lowly heart to store
The homage paid at Bethlehem,
But far more blessed evermore
Thus to have shared the taunts and shame.

Thus with thy pierced heart to have stood
'Mid mocking crowds and own'd Him thine,
True through a world's ingratitude,
And own'd in death by lips Divine.

IV.

THE CROWN.

Thou shalt be crown'd, O mother blest,
Our hearts behold thee crown'd e'en now;
The crown of motherhood, earth's best,
O'ershadowing thy maiden brow.

Thou shalt be crown'd. More fragrant bays
Than ever poet's brows entwine,
For thine immortal hymn of praise,
First Singer of the Church, are thine.

Thou shalt be crown'd. All earth and heaven
Thy coronation pomp shall see;
The Hand by which thy crown is given
Shall be no stranger's hand to thee.

Thou shalt be crown'd, but not a queen;
A better triumph ends thy strife:
Heaven's bridal raiment, white and clean,
The victor's crown of fadeless life.

Thou shalt be crown'd, but not alone,
No lonely pomp shall weigh thee down,
Crown'd with the myriads round His throne,
And casting at His feet thy crown.

MARY MAGDALENE.

I.

Her home lay by that inland sea
  Which sacred memories so embalm;
That Magdala and Galilee
  Ring like the music of a psalm.

Deep in the lake the far hills glow,
  Clear shine each peak and golden spire,
And Hermon lifts his brow of snow
  Unsullied to that sky of fire.

From point to point gleam'd cities white,
  Full of the joyous stir of life,
And o'er the waves boats bounded light;
  All was with eager movement rife.

Fresh streams across Gennesaret danced,
  Laughing with corn and countless fruits,
And met the quiet waves which glanced
  Bathing the oleander roots.

Yet many a calm recess for prayer
  Those hills enshrined which circling stood,
Wild steeps which to men's homes brought near
  The sanctity of solitude.

But vainly, round her and beneath
  Earth pour'd her wealth, as evermore
Flows Jordan to the Sea of Death,
  And leaves it bitter as before.

"Out of whom He cast seven devils."

II.

No phantoms thus her soul assail'd,
It was no vision of the night,
No dim unreal mist, that veil'd
The glad reality of light;

No discord of sweet strings unstrung
A skilful touch might tune again,
No jar of nerves too tightly wrung,
No shadows of an o'erwrought brain;

But din of mocking voices rude,
Spirits whose touches left a stain,
Owning no shrine of solitude
Their blasphemies might not profane.

Real as the earth she, hopeless, trod,
  Real as the heaven they had lost,
Real as the soul they kept from God,
  From torture still to torture toss'd.

Thus sleep to her could bring no calm,
  No stillness dwelt for her in night,
And human love could yield no balm,
  And home no deep and pure delight.

Till light upon that chaos broke,—
  Not from unconscious azure skies,—
The morning that her spirit woke
  Beam'd from the depths of human eyes.

No thunder, with God's vengeance dread,
  Scatter'd that company of hell;
It was a Voice from which they fled,
  A Voice they knew before they fell.

Once more she was alone and free,
And silence all her soul possess'd;
As the "great calm" the storm-toss'd sea
When the same voice commanded rest.

Such solitude a heaven might make,
Such silence had for bliss sufficed;
What was it, then, from hell to wake,
And wake beneath the smile of Christ!

III.

'And certain women which had been healed of evil spirits and infirmities, Mary called Magdalene, ... which ministered unto Him of their substance."

He suffer'd her with Him to stay—
This crowning joy was not denied—
To hear His voice from day to day,
And tread this earth still by His side.

Where, with a diadem of snow,
The white-wall'd cities crown'd the rocks,
Or peasants' dwellings far below,
Couch'd round the fountains like their flocks.

She saw the expressive glance of sight
The dulness of blind eyes replace;
When learning first the joy of light,
For the first sight they saw His face.

She heard the first clear accents pour
From dumb lips, uttering His name;
She saw men's homes from shore to shore
Break into sunshine where He came.

She saw the long possess'd set free,
She knew the anguish and the bliss;
She saw the baffled Pharisee,
And felt "Man never spake like this."

She heard reluctant fiends confess
The Godhead they had fain denied;
She saw the little children press
With fearless fondness to His side.

She saw the speechless joy that day
Light up the widow's face at Nain;
She never saw one sent away,
She never heard one plead in vain.

She saw Him faint and wearied sore,
And toil those gracious eyes bedim,
Thirsting and hunger'd, homeless, poor,
She saw and minister'd to Him.

She saw His brow its light regain,
And strength reknit each wearied limb,
All to be spent for man again :—
A woman's service succor'd Him !

And are those days forever o'er ?
Must earth be of that joy bereft ?—
The sighs and sounds are here no more,
And yet the very best is left.

Still may we follow in His way,
And tread this earth as by His side,
May see Him work from day to day,
As in His presence we abide.

See Him shed light on darken'd eyes,
The bow'd and fetter'd heart set free;
May succor, serve, and sacrifice,
And hear from heaven His "unto Me."

IV.

"The first day of the week cometh Mary Magdalene early while it was yet dark unto the sepulchre."

THE Sabbath that could bring no rest,
The weary day at length had fled:
What Sabbath could again be blest
Since He who promised rest was dead?

The guilty world was hushed in gloom,
Night on its sleeping millions lay
Like the "great stone" upon His tomb—
What if it never rolled away!

But o'er her path there fell a shade
No darkness from her heart could hide:—
The tomb in which the Lord was laid
Was near the cross on which He died.

Beneath that cross she stood again:
The tortured form no more she saw;
His murderers were religious men,
Nor dropped one letter of the law;

His cry of agony might smite
Strange discord through their measured prayer,
And who, when death those lips made white,
Could silence the reproaches there.

Thus earth among the spheres moved on,
And calmly kept her ordered course,
Bearing the cross of God the Son,
And in her heart His lifeless corpse.

Nor yet was blotted out of space,
Nor yet the brand of Cain doth bear,
Because, through His surpassing grace,
That cross pleads not "Avenge," but "Spare."

V.

"They have taken away my Lord."

"My Lord," though dead, yet still "my Lord:"
Prophet through love's tenacity,
Powerless to hope, she yet adored,
And felt the truth she could not see.

If He who in Himself had shone
All that God is, all man may be,
Living the truth, else guessed by none
Through years of patient ministry;

He from whom life and peace she drew,
Whom she had follow'd day by day,
And worshipp'd more, the more she knew,
Could fade to cold unconscious clay;

If that pure life of perfect love,
Extinguish'd never more should beam,
What joy could endless days above
Bring ever more, not bringing Him?

What were those angel-forms to her,
Their raidiant forms and raiment white,
If dead within a sepulchre,
He lay, Himself the Life and Light?

Thus when the bridge of faith was rent,
Which could have firmly spann'd the gulf,
Love prostrate o'er the chasm leant,
And bridged the dark abyss herself.

VI.

"Jesus saith unto her, Mary. She turned herself and saith unto Him Rabboni, which is to say, Master."

A MOMENT since, a sepulchre
Was all the world she cared to own,
An empty tomb, vain balms and myrrh,
Tears with no heart to shed them on.

And now the living Lord was there,
Immortal, glorious, yet the same;
The voice the fiends once fled in fear
Now spoke the old familiar name.

No language could that bliss have told,
She had no words the joy to greet;
She said but "Master!" as of old,
And rested silent at His feet.

Yet all heaven's choirs could scarcely twine
A music more profound and sweet
Than when, as from His heart to thine,
Thus "Mary!" and "Raboni!" meet.

VII.

"Go quickly and tell His disciples that He is risen."

Tell all the world the Lord is risen—
The Easter message, ever new;
The grave is but a ruin'd prison,—
Invisible, the Life breaks through.

Earth cannot long ensepulchre
In her dark depths the tiniest seed;
When life begins to throb and stir,
The bands of death are weak indeed.

No clods its upward course deter,
Calmly it makes its path to day;
One germ of life is mightier
Than a whole universe of clay.

Yet not one leaf-blade ever stirr'd,
Bursting earth's wintry dungeons dim,
But lived at His creative word,
Responsive to the life in Him.

Since, then, the life that He bestows
Thus triumphs over death and earth;
What power of earth or death can close
The Fountain whence all life has birth?

And, as the least up-springing grain
Breathes still the resurrection song,
That light the victory shall gain,
That death is weak, and life is strong;

So with immortal vigor rife,
The lowliest life that faith has freed,
Bears witness still that Christ is life,
And that the Life is risen indeed.

SALOME.

"She saith unto Him, Grant that these my two sons may sit, the one at Thy right hand, and the other on the left, in Thy kingdom. But Jesus answered, Ye know not what ye ask."

She knew not what for them she sought,
At His right hand and left to sit;
How great the glory, passing thought
How rough the path that led to it.

They knew not what of Him they ask'd,
But He their deeper sense distill'd;
Gently the selfish wish unmask'd,
But all the prayer of love fulfill'd.

Pride sought to lift herself on high,
And heard but of the bitter cup;
Love would but to her Lord be nigh,
And won her measure full, heaped up.

With vision of His glory bless'd,
Stood on the mountain by His side,
Lean'd at the supper on His breast,
Stood close beneath Him when He died.

One brother shared His cup of woe,
The second of His martyr-band;
One, by His glory smitten low,
Rose at the touch of His right hand.

Thus, when by earth's cross lights perplex'd,
We crave the thing that should not be,
God, reading right our erring text,
Gives what we would ask, could we see.

THE WIDOW OF NAIN.

Thy miracles are no state splendors,
Whose pomps Thy daily works excel;
The rock which breaks the stream, but renders
Its constant current audible.

The power which startles us in thunders
Works ever silently in light;
And mightier than these special wonders,
The wonders daily in our sight;

Rents in the veils Thy works that fold,
They let the inner light shine through;
The rent is new, the light is old,
Eternal, never ever new.

And, therefore, when Thy touch arrests
The bearers of that bier at Nain,
Warm on unnumber'd hearts it rests,
Though yet their dead live not again.

And Thy compassionate "Weep not!"
On this our tearful earth once heard,
For every age with comfort fraught,
Tells how Thy heart is ever stirr'd.

Nature repeats the tale each year,
She feels Thy touch through countless springs,
And, rising from her wintry bier,
Throws off her grave-clothes, lives and sings.

And when Thy touch through earth shall thrill.
This bier whereon our race is laid,
And, for the first time standing still,
The long procession of the dead

At Thy "Arise!" shall wake from clay,
Young, deathless, freed from every stain;
When Thy "Weep not!" shall wipe away
Tears that shall never come again;

When the strong chains of death are burst,
And lips long dumb begin to speak,
What name will each then utter first?—
What music shall that silence break?

THE SYROPHENICIAN.

"Great is thy faith."

CONTENT, she takes the lowest place.
He knows what strain her faith will bear;
Low in the valleys flows His grace,
He does but gently lead her there.

Then in the depths to her He comes,
And meets her nothing with His all.
Creation lives upon the crumbs
Which from that Master's table fall;

But thou, O faith, not thus art fed!
For thee the heavenly homes are built;
Thy portion is the children's bread,
And "*Be it to thee as thou wilt.*"

THE SISTERS OF BETHANY.

"When He heard, therefore, that he was sick, He abode two days still in the same place where He was."

I.

WHAT hope lit up those sisters' gloom,
When first they sent His help to crave,
So sure that, hearing, He would come,
And, coming, could not fail to save.

Counting the distance o'er again,
Deeming Him near, and yet more near,
Till hope, on heights, she climb'd in vain,
Lay frozen to a deathlike fear.

Watching with twofold strain intent
The expected steps, the failing breath,
Till hope and fear, together spent,
Sank in the common blank of death.

"Beyond this burning waste of hills,
Beyond that awful glittering sea,
'Mid those blue mountains lingering still,
Have our faint prayers not reach'd to Thee?

"Or are the joys and griefs of earth
To Thee, whose eyes survey the whole,
But passing things of little worth,
That should not deeply stir the soul?"

His tears ere long shall hush that fear
For every mourning heart forever;
And we, who now His words can hear
Beyond the hills, beyond the river,

Know that as true a watch He kept
On those far heights, as at their side,
Feeling the tears the sisters wept,
Marking the hour the brother died.

No faintest sigh His heart can miss
E'en now His feet are on the way
With richest counter-weight of bliss
Heap'd up for every hour's delay,

That nevermore should hope deferr'd
Make sick the heart which trusts in Him,
But nourish'd by His faithful Word,
Grow brighter still as sight grows dim.

"She hath done what she could. Verily I say unto you, Wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her."

II.

MARY, the only glory sweet
To any Christian's heart is thine!
Hidden beside the Master's feet,
Lost in that dearer light to shine;

Whilst evermore the heart obeys
The sermon of thy listening looks.
Learning religion from thy gaze
Better than from a thousand books.

Thy silence is His sweetest psalm,
While from His lips thy name distils,
And, dropping like thy precious balm,
Ever His house with fragrance fills.

"Martha, Martha, thou art careful and troubled about many things; but one thing is needful, and Mary hath chosen that good part, which shall not be taken away from her."

III.

WHAT joy to live beneath the eyes,
  Which look'd the spirit "through and through,"
Which penetrated each disguise,
  And would not let us be untrue;

Yet through the thickest veil descried
  The little spring of good below,
And pierced the icy crust of pride,
  That happy, humble tears might flow;

Rending each soft disguise, which spares
  The evil thing by gentle name,—
For sinners founts of pitying tears,
  But for the sin unquenchèd flame;

That saw the very spot within
On which to lay the healing touch;
That had no pity for the sin,
Because for those who sinn'd so much:

That mark'd through Peter's boast his dread,
Yet, by his curses unperplex'd,
Look'd through them to the light, and read
The traces of the earlier text;

Beneath the black "*I know Him not*,"
"*Thou knowest I love Thee*" still could trace,
In graven characters inwrought,
No darkest stains could quite efface;

That knew, through all vibrations fix'd,
The true direction of the will,
Saw self with Martha's service mix'd,
And love in Mary's sitting still.

Those eyes still watch us, not from far,
Still pitying "look us through and through,"
And through the broken sketch we are,
Foresee the heavenly likeness true;

Through all its soft and silken dress
The creature of the dust descry,
Yet 'neath the shapeless chrysalis
The Psyche moulding for the sky.

THE UNNAMED WOMEN.

I.

THE hand that might have drawn aside
The veil, which from unloving sight
Those shrinking forms avails to hide,
With tender care has wrapped it tight.

He would not have the sullied name
Once fondly spoken in a home,
A mark for strangers' righteous blame,
Branded through every age to come.

And thus we only speak of them
As those on whom His mercies meet,
"She whom the Lord would not condemn,"
And "she who bathed with tears His feet."

Trusted to no evangelist,
  First heard where sins no more defile,
Read from the Book of Life by Christ,
  And consecrated by His smile.

II.

"And stood at His feet behind Him weeping, and began to wash His feet with tears."

SHE bathed his feet with many a tear,
Feet wearied then for us so oft;
She wiped them with her flowing hair,
Embalmed with reverent touches soft.

She knew not of the bitter way
Those sacred feet had yet to tread,
Nor how the nails would pierce one day
Where now her costly balms were shed.

She read the pity in his eyes,
To peace transmuting her despair;
She could not read what agonies
Must cloud the heaven she gazed on there.

He praised her love, her sacrifice,
But breathed not what His own must be,
Nor hinted what must be the price
Which made her pardon flow so free.

Then if her love and gifts were such,
Who little knew the depths of His;
If then indeed she "*loved*" Him "*much*,"
How, since she knows Him as He is?

III.

"He turned to the woman."

"*He turned to her.*" All eyes beside—
All other eyes of righteous men, —
Avoided her's with virtuous pride,
Nor could she meet their gaze again.

Nor could she deem their coldness wrong;
That virtue of the Pharisee,
Only in its negations strong,
Ceasing to freeze might cease to be.

And human virtues can but be
As tender flowers a touch might kill,
Scorch'd if winds breathe too fervently,
Nipp'd if they chance to blow too chill.

But His were of another sphere
That never stain nor change could know,
No earth-born flowers, however fair,
But the pure light which made them grow;

No ice pure only till it melt,
But streams most fresh in freest flow;
The living love, whose pureness dwelt
Not in its coldness but its glow.

IV.

"She hath washed my feet with tears, and wiped them with the hairs of her head. This woman, since the time I came in, hath not ceased to kiss my feet. . . . . Hath anointed my feet with ointment. . . . . She loved much."

He prized her love, He held it dear,
He felt each ministering touch,
He mark'd each gift she offered there,
He cared that she should love him "*much.*"

His pity was no careless alms
The happy to the wretched fling;
He prized her love, her tears, her balms,
Then life was yet a precious thing;

Precious the love He held of price,
Precious each moment which might bring
Some privilege of sacrifice,
Some vase to break in offering.

And God gives evermore like this,
Gives by His measure, not by ours;
By life means not mere *being*, but *bliss*,
Free exercise of joyful powers.

The freedom with which He makes free
Is freedom of His home above,
Not merely liberty to *be*,
But liberty to serve and love.

V.

"Thy sins are forgiven thee."

"Forgiveness may then yet be mine,
The sinless lips have said '*forgiven*;'
Pardon is then a right Divine,
And love indeed the law of heaven.

"But can the sullied snow grow white?
What spell can seal the memory fast?
What has been ever must *have been*,
The Almighty cannot change the past.

"His eyes, though piercing as the light,
In pity may refuse to see;
But what can make my memory white?
What veil can hide myself from me?"

Oh ! raise thy downcast eyes to His,
And read the blessed secret there ;
The pardoning love from guilt that frees,
By loving thee shall make thee fair.

Love's deepest depth of saving woe
Has yet to be to thee reveal'd ;
Blood from that tender heart must flow,
And thus thy bitter streams be heal'd.

Thy guilt and shame on Him must lie ;
Then search the past thy guilt to see,
Instead, this sight shall meet thine eye,—
Thy Saviour on the cross for thee !

RESTORATION.

"Go in peace."

He clothes thy soul in spotless dress,
In bridal raiment white and clean,
The Spirit's bridal robe of peace,
Sign of the inward grace unseen.

The love that sweeps thy spirit o'er,
Effacing every stain of sin,
Flows through thy spirit evermore,
A well of heavenly life within.

Thus hallow'd names, forgotten long.
Familiar names which once were thine,
With all the old attraction strong,
Embrace thy soul from lips Divine.

Soft from a Father's house above
Floats down on thee the name of child,
From love beyond a mother's love
Which on thy guiltless childhood smiled.

And when the age its circuit ends,
And the great marriage day is there,
And from the heavens a bride descends,
Thou, clothed in white, the bliss shalt share.

THE TWO ALABASTER BOXES.

"A woman in the city, which was a sinner, brought an alabaster box of ointment, and anointed His feet."
"Being in Bethany, there came a woman having an alabaster box of ointment of spikenard, very precious, and she brake the box, and poured it on His head."

When Thou, in patient ministry,
Didst pass a stranger through Thy land,
Two costly gifts were offered Thee,
And both were from a woman's hand.

To Thee who madest all things fair,
Twice fair and precious things they bring.
Pure sculptured alabaster clear,
Perfumes for earth's anointed King.

Man's hasty lips would both reprove,
One for the stain of too much sin,
One for the waste of too much love!
Yet both avail'd Thy smile to win.

The saint who listen'd at thy feet,
  The sinner sinners scorn'd to touch,
Adoring in thy presence meet,
  Both pardon'd and both loving much.

Thus evermore to all they teach.
  Man's highest style is "much forgiven,"
And that earth's lowest yet may reach
  The highest ministries of heaven.

They teach that gifts of costliest price
  From hearts sin beggar'd yet may pour;
And that love's costliest sacrifice
  Is worth the love, and nothing more.

II.

Love is the true economist,
  Her weights and measures pass in heaven;
What others lavish on the feast,
  She to the Lord Himself hath given.

Love is the true economist,
  She through all else to Him hath sped,
And unreproved His feet hath kiss'd,
  And spent her ointments on His head.

Love is the true economist,
  She breaks the box and gives her all;
Yet not one precious drop is miss'd,
  Since on His head and feet they fall.

In all her fervent zeal no haste,
She at His feet sits glad and calm;
In all her lavish gifts no waste,
The broken vase but frees the balm.

Love is the truest providence,
Since beyond time her gold is good,
Stamped for man's mean "*three hundred pence*,"
With Christ's "*She hath done what she could.*"

Love is the best economist
In what she sows and what she reaps;
She lavishes her all on Christ,
And in His all her being steeps.

PART II.

THE THREE WAKINGS.

7

Among the ancient Laplanders magic was an hereditary art. There were, however, some magicians of a higher character, to whom, in three supernatural sicknesses or trances—one in childhood, one in youth, and one in manhood—the spirits themselves taught the secrets of the invisible world. These were honored by the whole nation as seers.—*Mone. Geschichte des Heidenthums.*

ARGUMENT.

The poet-child plays on the margin of the River of Life. There the First Trance overpowers him. He wakens from it to the wonderful beauty of the universe. The magic boat bears him away from the broad stream of life to the regions of fancy. There the Second Trance overshadows him. In it he is aroused to the sense of duty and the necessity of work. He girds himself for the strife. In the flush of the triumph which succeeds it, he is overcome by the Third Trance. In it are revealed to him the grace of God, redemption, and the free service of love.

THE THREE WAKINGS.

I.

Beside the ancient river
The infant poet play'd,
The grave old rocks above him
Laughed at the mirth he made.

The boat that bore him thither
Lay idle on the shore,
His pearly boat that fast could float
Without or sail or oar.

The fresh young leaves on the hoar old trees
Quiver'd and flutter'd in glee,
And the merry rills from the mighty hills
Shouted as loud as he.

The birds pour'd joyous welcomes,
For they deemed him one of them;
And the snowdrop laugh'd in her quiet joy,
Till she shook on her delicate stem.

Broad is that ancient river,
And its depths no sailor knows,
It comes from a place no foot can trace,
'Mid the clouds and the ancient snows;

And on its breast is bounding
Many a gallant bark;—
(Do they know that at last o'er a chasm vast
It leaps into the dark?)

But to the child its waters
Were his playmates glad and sweet,
Chasing each other merrily
To bathe his snowy feet;

The starry hosts above him
  Were the flowers of the sky,
Too high, perhaps, to gather,
  But too beautiful to die;

The world with all its wonders,
  Its heavens and its sea,
Was his play-room, full of playmates,
  Each one as glad as he.

But as he laugh'd and gamboll'd
  Strange languor o'er him stole;
His eyes grew dim, and faint each limb,
  And dark the sunny soul,

Till the green earth in pity
  Folded him to her breast,
And birds and waves and breezes
  Lull'd him to quiet rest.

II.

Sweet Spring the earth was treading
When he broke that magic trance,
Rose from the ground, and gazed around
With a new and rapturous glance.

Had the bright earth and heavens
Expanded as he slept,
That such a tide of light and joy
Around his senses swept?

Not a leaf nor a wing could quiver—
Not a breeze the waters moved,
But it thrill'd through sense and spirit,
Like the voice of one beloved.

The sun in his robes of glory
From his depths of light on high,—
Each lowly flower from its dewy bower,—
Beam'd like a loving eye.

He sate at the feet of Nature
In love and wonder meek;
Had he then learn'd to listen,
Or had she learned to speak?

The world was a royal palace,
And no stranger guest was he;
As the silvery fish in the silvery brook
Leaps in its wanton glee,—

As the lark in the air and sunshine
When the early mists are curl'd,—
His spirit bathed and revell'd
In the beauty of the world.

He sought not his joy to utter,
He was content to *see;*
It was enough to listen—
It was enough to *be!*

He had rejoiced for ever
In this Eden to abide,
But the pearly boat began to float
Languidly down the tide.

He left the ancient river,
Where the great navies lay,
And glided up a quiet stream
From the din and strife away.

The waves its prow disparted
Made music as it went,
Like lyres and lutes and silvery flutes,
In sweet confusion blent;

Till they came through a rocky portal
Roof'd with many a gem,
(But one of the countless number
Had graced a diadem.)

Into a world of wonders,
Where reigned nor sun nor moon,
But a magic light as still as night,
And warm as the softest noon.

Onward and onward gliding
By those shores of wondrous things,
'Mid the murmur of dreamy voices,
And the waving of unseen wings;

Beneath Aladdin's palace,
Where the gems lay thick as flowers,
And the languid day trickled away
Like the fountain 'midst leafy bowers;

Amidst the tangled woodland,
Where, in the chequer'd glade,
With wild and tuneful laughter,
The fairy people played;

Beneath the cliffs he glided,
And the unclouded sky,
Where the stately Attic temple
Reared its white shafts on high;

And kingly men and women,
The brave and wise and strong,
Earth's loftiest and sweetest souls,
Lived and made life a song;

Beneath the Northern forest,
Where the thunderbolts were made,
And spirits and gods and mighty men
Met in the mystic shade.

And the hero and the poet
Smiled brotherly on him;
But again that languid slumber
Crept over soul and limb.

The weight of a first sorrow
Lay heavy on his breath,
And the fair world was shadowed o'er
With a darkness as of death.

And he longed for familiar voices
And the light of the common day,
And the common air on his fever'd brow,
And the fields of his childish play.

Till by a lonely islet
The vessel moored at last,
And he slept on the bank, and languidly sank
'Mid the graves of the great that were past.

* * * * * *

III.

He woke. The world of faëry,
With its soft and gorgeous light,
Was dissolved and gone, and he lay alone,
Beneath the solemn night;

Beneath the hosts of heaven
In their grand reality;
'Mid the shadowy glooms of many tombs,
On the shores of a heaving sea.

A suit of polished armor
Lay glittering by his side;
Breastplate and casque and girdle,
And a sword of temper tried.

Furrows of inward conflict
On his brow were dented deep,
And he woke to a steadfast purpose
From the night of that awful sleep:

For a strange and solemn Visitant
Beside his couch had been,
Clad in the old prophetic garb,
And stern with the prophet's mien.

"What dost thou here?" she murmur'd,
"What *is* outshines what *seems;*
Earth has no room for idlers;
Life has no time for dreams.

'Seest thou nought of suffering?
Knowest thou nought of sin?
Hast thou not heard the groans without,
Or felt the sting within?

"Thy brethren die in prisons,—
Thy brethren toil in chains;
The body is racked by hunger,
And the heart has sharper pains.

"Gray heads 'neath the weight of labor
Are sinking into the grave,
And tender hearts are growing hard
For the want of a hand to save.

"Thousands of men, thy brethren,
Are perishing around;
And thou pourest out thy cup of life
Upon the barren ground.

"Rise, gird thee for true labor;
Rise, arm thee for the fight.
Go forth to earth's old battle-field;
Strike boldly for the right!

"Rise, cast thy dreamings from thee;
Rise, clothed with vigor new;
This fallen earth is no place for mirth;
Arise, go forth and *do!*"

A thrill of fervent purpose
Through all his nature ran,
And from that sleep of visions deep
The Boy awoke a Man.

He trod with a steadfast aspect
Through beauty and weal and ill,
And his eyes were lit and his frame was knit
By the strength of a fixed will.

And the sun to his strong purpose
Was but the lamp of life,—
The abounding earth, in her beauty and mirth
But the field of the mortal strife.

Where the nations lay cold and torpid,
'Neath ages of wrong and shame;
With the patience of love the poet toil'd
Till life to the stiff limbs came.

In the thick of the ancient battle,
Where the strong bear down the weak,
With the flaming swords of living words,
He fought for the poor and meek.

Where'er were wrongs to be righted,
Or sick to be soothed and upheld;
Or a generous deed lay hidden;
Or a generous purpose quell'd;

Or a noble heart lay sinking,
For the want of a cheering word;—
The music of his earnest voice
Above the din was heard.

Till the sneer of scorn was silenced,
And the tongue of envy hush'd,
And a tumult of wild, exulting praise
Throughout the nations rush'd.

And they hailed him King and Hero,
And hasted his steps to greet;
And they crown'd him with a golden crown,
And bow'd beneath his feet.

But yet once more the shadow
Over his soul was thrown,
And he on the height of his human might
Lay desolate and lone;

Till, in his helpless anguish,
His spirit turned on high,
And he called on the God of his childhood
With a loud and bitter cry.

"O God, they call me Hero,
And bow the reverent knee,
But I am not God, nor a godlike man,
That thus they kneel to me.

"They call me Lord and Master;
They call me just and good;
And I cannot stay my failing breath,
Nor do the things I would.

"They cry on me for succor,
But in me is no might to save;
They hail me as one immortal,
And I sink into the grave.

"Thou—only Thou—art Holy;
With Thee, with Thee, is might;
O stay me with Thy love and strength,
O clothe me with Thy light!"

IV.

It was no spell of slumber
Which came upon him then,
No fitful gleams of a land of dreams,
Which burst on his dazzled ken:

But he stood upon the borders
Of the land which we see afar,
When earth's firmest ground dissolves away,
And men see things as they are.

He saw a young child standing
In a famine-stricken land,
Entrusted with a bounteous store,
The gifts of a gracious hand.

He saw it scatter its treasures
In idle and thankless waste;
And when from its idlesse startled,
It gave away the rest.

And the grateful people hasten'd
To garland its guilty head,—
It took the homage as its due,
Then cried like the rest for bread.

And stung with shame and anguish,
He cried, "It is I; it is I;
Father, forgive, forgive my sin!"
And he cried with a bitter cry.

That cry reached the heart of the Father:
Once more he looked on high,
And in the depths of heaven,—
In the calm of the upper sky,—

He saw 'midst the sea of glory,—
A glory surpassing bright,
One crown'd with a Crown of Inheritance,
Clad in unborrow'd light.

He saw Him leave the glory,
And lay aside the crown,
And to that land of famine,
Came, touch'd with pity, down;

And gird Himself for service,
And minister to all;
No service was for Him too mean,
No care of love too small.

But men paid Him no homage,
They crown'd Him with no crown;
And the dying bed they made for Him
Was not a bed of down.

What more then met his vision
Falls dimly on mortal ears;
The angels were mute with wonder,
And the poet with grateful tears.

The rebel will was broken,
The captive heart was free—
"O Lord of all, who servedst all,
Let me Thy servant be!"

He woke; once more he found him
In the home where he played a child;
His mother held his feverish hand,
His sisters wept and smiled.

He loved them more than ever,
With a pure and fervent love;
He loved God's sun and earth and skies,
Though his home lay far above.

His poet's crown lay near him
Fused to a golden cup;
It would carry water for parched lips,
So he thankfully took it up.

He went in the strength of dependence,
To tread where his Master trod,
To gather and knit together
The family of God:

Awhile as a heaven-born stranger
To pass through this world of sin,
With a heart diffusing the balm of peace
From the place of peace within:

With a conscience freed from burdens,
And a heart set free from care,
To minister to every one
Always and everywhere.

No more on the heights of glory
A lonely man he stood;
Around him gathered tenderly
A lowly brotherhood.

They spent their lives for others,
Yet the world knew them not,—
It had not known their Master,—
And they sought no higher lot.

But the angels of heaven knew them,
And He knew them who died and rose;
And the poet knew that the lowest place
Was that which the Highest chose.

THE GOLDEN AGE IN THE PRESENT.

Why sigh we for the times of yore,
The "good old times" that come no more?
The oldest day was once to-day;
Each hour wore in its settled place
As every day a garb and face
As those which glide from us away.

Nature grows never old:
On every dawning soul she dawns anew,
And grows and ripens with their growth;
Only to spirits which have lost their youth,
The heart of love and sense sincere and true,
Her living forms seem cold.

Sigh not for ancient days with poetry rife,
To poets is the poetic age not fled;
Go let the dead inter their dead,
For to the living there is always life.
Nature has still fresh founts of art
To pour into the artist's heart;
To eyes fresh bathed in morning dew,
The Golden Age shines ever new.
Do ocean billows foam less gladly now
Than when the sea-nymphs danced upon the wave?
Curl they less proudly 'neath the swift ship's prow,
Upheaving from the coral cave?
Sing they a song less syren sweet,
At noontide bathing weary feet,
Languidly smiling,
Softly beguiling,
Like lips that faintly move,
Murmuring words of love?
Do forest streams less freshly well,
Dewing with green the grassy dell,

Giving the thirsty flowers to drink,
Filling their starry eyes with joy,
Shedding cool fragrance on the air,
Than when the wood-nymphs sported there?
Or does the waterfall's robe, silver-pale,
  Wave in the breeze less lightly
Than when the Naiad's moonlit veil
  Gleam'd through the dark trees brightly?
Has evening a less golden sheen?
  Has morning a less rosy glow?
Are noon-day's arrowy rays less keen
  Than when Apollo strung the bow?
And when at morn in spring
  The sun with kisses wakes the earth,
And sun-born showers of golden rain
  With floods of melody pour forth—
Say, are not light and music one again?

Sigh not the old heroic ages back,
  The heroes were but brave and earnest men,

Do thou but hero-like pursue thy track,
Striving, not sighing, brings them back again:
The hero's path is straight, to do and say
God's words and works in spite of toil and shame:
Labors enough will meet thee in thy way,
So thou forsak'st not it to seek for them.
Canst thou no wrong with courage patient bear,
Strength to none weaker than thyself impart?
O seek from Him who died the hero's heart,
And the heroic age for thee is there.
Sigh not for simple days of old,
The childlike days of love and trust;
There never was an age of gold,
And faith makes gold of all earth's dust.
The Church's youthful strength grows never grey,
Herself a fadeless youth amid the world's decay.
Canst thou not love? has earth no room
For all thy heart would give,
With all the blessed depths of home

And myriad hearts that weep and strive?
Are there no desolate and poor
To nourish from thy store?
No songs of joy and glowing praise
Thy voice might help to raise?
No heart long left alone
Till it grew stiff and chill;
Thy voice might waken with a thrill
Of love, long, long unknown?
Is earth too small to hold
The yearnings of thy love?
Is there not heaven above
As near thee as of old?
Does He who came at Pentecost
His presence now withhold?
That the first works should e'er be lost,
Or the first love grow cold.
Oh, fill thy heart with God, and thou shalt prove
That there is left enough to trust and love!

For what is time past but to-day,
  Mirror'd in still pools peacefully:
The future but the same to-day,
  Reflected in a heaving sea?
Only the present hour has life,
The home of work, the field of strife.
Choose not thy bride among the dead,
  But press the present to thy breast;
In her, thy soul shall find its bread,
  Thy mind its sphere, thy heart its rest.
Till God shall speak another "Let there be,"
And time, like darkness before light, shall flee
Before the *Now* of His eternity.

THE POET'S FOOD.

THE Poet does not dwell apart, enshrined in golden
beams;
He is not mail'd from time's rude blows in a panoply
of dreams.

No Pegasus bears him aloft in pathways 'mid the
clouds;
But he must tread the common earth mingling in
common crowds.

He dwells not in fair solitudes a still and lone re-
cluse;
But he must handle common tools to his diviner
use.

He doth not list in magic caves the music of life's ocean,
Borne freely on its winds and waves, he feels their every motion.

The glory which around him shines is no fictitious ray;
It is the sun which shines on all, the light of common day.

But he has won an open eye to see things as they are,
A glory in God's meanest works which passeth fiction far.

His ear is open to discern stirrings of angel wings,
And angel whispers come to him from mute and common things.

And nature ever meeting him with the same radiant face,
And filling still her daily round with the old quiet grace,

Is fresh and glorious as at first, and mightier far to bless,
His youth's strong passion growing ripe in deep home-tenderness.

And truths to which his childhood clung, like songs repeated often
By the sweet voice of one we love, do but the surer soften.

One thing he scorns with bitter scorn, the lived or spoken lie,
Yet knowing what a labyrinth life, how dim the inward eye,

Is slow to brand his fellow-man as false, or base, or mean,
Or aught which hath fed human hearts, as common or unclean.

Nature prepares no royal food for this her royal guest;
No special banquet is for him at life's full table dress'd.

But all life's honest impulses, home joys, and cares, and tears,
The shower of cordial laughter which the clouded bosom cheers,

All earnest voices of his kind, calm thoughts of solitude,
All of the world that is not husks, this is the poet's food

God's living poem speaks to him God-like in every
line;
Not all man's hackney'd renderings can make it
less divine.

A TRUE DREAM.

I DREAMT we danced in careless glee,
With hearts and footsteps light and free,
That one so dearly loved and I,
As in the childish days gone by
For ever.

I felt her arms around me fold,
I heard her soft laugh as of old;
Her eyes with smiles were brimming o'er,
Eyes we may meet on earth no more
For ever.

Then there came mingling with my dreams
A sense perplex'd of loss and change—
An echo dim of time and tears;

Until I said, "How long it seems
Since thus we danced! Is it not strange?
Do you not feel the weight of years?
Or dread life's evening shadows cold?
Or mourn to think we must grow old?"
Wondering, she paused a little while,
Then answered, with a radiant smile,
"No, never!"

Wondering as if to her I told
The customs of some foreign land;
Or spoke a tongue she knew of old,
But could no longer understand.
Till o'er her face that sunshine broke,
And with that radiant smile she spoke
That "Never."

But not until the dream had fled
I knew the sense of what she said;

Young with immortal truth and love,
Child in the Father's house above
For ever.

We echo back thy words again,
They smite us with no grief or pain;
We journey not towards the night,
But to the breaking of the light
Together.

Our life is no poor cistern'd store
The lavish years are draining low;
But living streams that, welling o'er,
Fresh from the Living Fountain flow
For ever.

THE ALPINE GENTIAN.

She 'mid ice mountains vast
  Long had lain sleeping,
When she look'd forth at last
  Timidly peeping.

Trembling she gazed around,
  All round her slept;
O'er the dead icy ground
  Cold shadows crept.

Wide fields of silent snow,
  Still, frozen seas—
What could her young life do
  'Mid such as these?

Not a voice came to her,
Not a warm breath;
What hope lay there for her
Living 'midst death?

Mournfully pondering
Gazed she on high;
White clouds were wandering
Through the blue sky.

There smiled the kindly sun,
Gentle beams kissed her;
On her the mild moon shone
Like a saint sister.

There twinkled many a star,
Danced in sweet mirth;
The warm heavens seemed nearer far
Than the cold earth.

So she gazed steadfastly
  Loving on high;
Till she grew heavenly,
  Blue as the sky.

And the cold icicles
  Near which she grew,
Thaw'd in her skyey bells
  Fed her with dew.

And the tired traveller
  Gazing abroad,
Fixing his eyes on her
  Thinking of God;

Thinks how, 'mid life's cold snow,
  Hearts to God given
Breathe out where'er they go,
  Summer and heaven.

THE FORGET-ME-NOT.

She dwelt in the greenwood,
A spring gushing near,
No fairy queen could
Queenlier fare.

Bees knew her caskets;
Bold friars grey
Filling their baskets,—
"For the convent," said they.

Butterfly vagrants
Gossipp'd there long;
Winds brought her fragrance,
Birds brought her song.

Leaves rustling o'er her
Let the light through;
The blithe stream would pour her
Draughts of sweet dew.

O'er her so clearly
The warm heavens smiled;
They all loved her dearly,
The forest's fair child.

Thus pass'd her childhood
Dreamily by,
By the fount in the wild wood,
'Neath the blue sky.

The kind sun above her,
Stream, bird, and wind,
She knew not they loved her,
Knew they were kind.

Till one day gazing
In the fount pure and cold,
A vision amazing
She saw there unfold.

A blue eye soft beaming
Met her blue eye,
A golden star gleaming,
A miniature sky.

Calm the waves under
The fair vision lay;
Lost in sweet wonder,
She gazed there all day.

Saw not the heaven,
Heard not the breeze,
Till the soft even
Shadow'd the trees.

The stars still were shining
But they seem'd far,
While she lay pining
For her lost star.

The gentle leaves rustling,
The night-winds' soft stir,
Seem'd harsh and bustling,
Strange voices to her.

Not heaven's smile moved her,
Nor the stream's old kind tone;
'Mid so many that loved her,
She wept there alone.

Till, the shadows dispersing,
The Sun rose anew,
The high forest piercing,
Pierced her heart through.

Her dewy eyes raising
  He met them and smiled,
The eye of heaven gazing
  On her heaven's child.

For the lost dream was given
  The Truth brighter far,
The blue loving heaven,
  The Sun for the star.

Then all voices moved her,
  The trees grave and tall,
The deep sky above her,
  The blithe insects small,
She loved them each one,
For they all loved the Sun,
  And the Sun loved them all.

TO A REDBREAST.

Robin to the bare bough clinging,
What can thy blithe music mean?
Like a hidden fount, thy singing
Seems to clothe the woods with green.

What warm nest for thee hath Nature
Where thy soft red breast to lay?
Sing'st thou, little homeless creature,
For the crumbs we strew'd to-day?

Other birds have fled this dun light,
Soaring on to regions bright,
Singing in the richest sunlight,
Singing 'neath the starry night;

Hiding in the broad-leaf'd shadows
Of the southern woods at noon,
Filling all the flower-starr'd meadows
As with melodies of June.

Knowest thou the woods have voices
Which like light the heart unfold,
Till it trembles and rejoices,
Growing deep that joy to hold?

Pouring music like a river,
Many-toned and deep and strong,—
Tones by which, like childhood's, quiver
Thy few notes of simple song.

Then the "crimson-tipped" thing,
Like a daisy among birds,
With a quiet glee did sing
Songs condensed thus in words.—

"Well I know the joyous mazes
Of the songs so full and fine;
Very faint would be God's praises
Sounded by no voice but mine.

"Yet the little child's sweet laughter
Wakes it no responsive smile,—
Though the poet singeth after,
And the angels all the while?

"What I sing I cannot measure,
Why I sing I cannot say;
But I know a well of pleasure
Springeth in my heart all day."

So I learned that crumbs are able
Lowly hearts to fill with song,—
Crumbs from off a festal table
Lowly hearts will join ere long.

He who winter days hath given,
With the snows gives snow-drops birth;
And while angels sing in heaven,
God hears robins sing on earth.

Only keep thee on the wing,
Music dieth in the dust;
Nothing that but creeps can sing,
All hearts that soar heavenward must.

ST. FRANCIS D'ASSISI'S CANTICUM SOLIS.

Altissimo omnipotente buon Signore, tue son le laudi, la gloria, lo honor, e ogni benediction. A te solo se confanno e nullo homo è degno di nominarti.

Laudato sia mio Signore per tutte le creature, specialmente Messer lo Fratre Sole, il quale giorna illumina noi per lui. E alto e bello e radiante con grande splendore. Da Te Signore porta significazione.

Laudato sia mio Signore per Suora Luna e per le stelle le quali in cielo le hai formate chiare e belle.

Laudato sia mio Signore per fratre Vento e per la luce e nuvole e sereno e ogni tempo, per lo quale dai a tutte creature sustentamento.

Laudato sia mio Signore per Suora acqua la quale è molto utile e humile e pretiosa e casta.

Laudato sia mio Signora per Fratre Fuoco per lo quale tu allumini la notte, e bello e jocundo e robustissimo e forte.

Laudato sia mio Signore per nostra Madre Terra la quale ne sostenta, governa, e produce diversi frutte, e coloriti fiori e herbi.

Laudato sia mio Signore per quelli che perdonano per lo tuo amore e sosteneno infirmitade e tribulatione. Beati quelli che sostegneranno in pace che da Te Altissimo saranno incoronati.

I BLESS Thee, Father, that where'er I go
A brotherhood of blessed creatures goes
With me, and biddeth me God speed. For all
Thy mute and innocent creatures take my thanks
To me they are child-brethren without speech
Or sin.
And first for him, the noblest of them all,
He who brings day and summer, disenchants
The ice-bound streams, and wakes the happy birds,
Pure choristers, to matins; at whose call
The young flowers, startled from their hiding-places,
Peep and laugh; who clothes the earth, and fills
The heavens with joy; and he is beautiful
And radiant with great splendor. Praise to Thee,
O Highest! for our royal brother Sun;
For bears he not an impress, Lord, of Thee?

And praise for her our holy white-veiled sister,
Dwelling on high in heavenly purity;
And for the radiant hosts that bear her company,
For they are bright and beautiful.
Praise for the moon and stars.

Praise for our brother Wind, for though his voice
Is rough at times, and in his savage mood
He rends the earth, rousing the sea to fury,
Yet at Thy calm rebuke he layeth by
His lion nature, frisketh like a lamb
Beside the streams, and gently crisps with snow
The sapphire waves, and stirs the corn, and wakes
The languid flowers to life, and lays dead blossoms
Softly in their graves; for the strong winds,
The rough but kindly winds, we bless Thee, Lord.

And for our sister, Water, mountain child
Whose happy feet make music on the hills,
For her who bounds so light from rock to rock,

Yet brings a blessing wheresoe'er she comes.
She spurns all fetters, laughs at all restraint,
Yet scorns no lowliest ministry of love,
Abiding peacefully in roadside wells,
And sparkling welcomes in the peasant's cup.
Nature's sweet almoner! all praise for her!
For she is useful, precious, meek, and chaste.
We bless Thee, Lord, for her.

And for our brother, Fire!—fearful is he
When he goes forth exulting in his strength,
And all things quail and fly before his face!
Yet he will sit a patient minister
Of blessings on our hearth, and through the night
He cheers us. He is joyous, bold, robust,
And strong. Praise, Lord, for him!

And for our mother Earth, who feedeth us
With such unwearied love, and strews our paths
With rainbow-tinted flowers and healing herbs,

Our gentle, generous, most beautiful,
And ever youthful mother.

Thus, blessed Christ, all praise to Thee for these
Thy creatures. They are all Thy ministers,
And to thy reconciled speak nought but peace.
Children and servants are we in one household,
Dwelling before Thee in sweet harmony.
O bless us all! Father! we all bless Thee!

NATURE NO SELF-ACTING INSTRUMENT.

So soberly and softly
  The seasons tread their round,
So surely seeds of autumn
  In spring-time clothe the ground,
Amid their measured music
  What watchful ear can hear,
God's voice amidst the Garden?
  Yet, hush! for He is here!

No mere machine is nature,
  Wound up and left to play,
No wind-harp swept at random
  By airs that idly stray;
A Spirit sways the music,
  A Hand is on the chords,
O, bow thy head and listen,—
  That hand it is the Lord's!

ON THE GRAVE OF A FAITHFUL DOG

Three trees which stand apart upon
A sunny slope of meadow ground,
A shadow from the heat at noon,—
And underneath a grassy mound.

A little silent grassy mound:—
And is this all is left of thee,
Whose feet would o'er the meadow bound,
So full of eager life and glee?

Of "thee?" and may I say e'en this
Of what so wholly passed away?
Or can such trust and tenderness
Be crush'd entirely into clay?

The voice whose welcomes were so glad,
Feet pattering like summer showers,
The dark eyes which would look so sad
If gathering tears were dimming ours;

Those wistful, dark, inquiring eyes,
So fond and watchful, deep and true,
That made the thought so often rise—
What looks those crystal windows through?

Didst thou not watch for hours our track,
And for the absent seem to pine?
And when the well-known voice came back,
What ecstasy could equal thine?

Is it all lost in nothingness,
Such gladness, love, and hope, and trust,
Such busy thought our thoughts to guess,
All trampled into common dust?

Save memories which our hearts entwine,
Has all for ever passed away,
Like the dear home once thine and mine,
The home now silent as thy clay?

Or is there something yet to come,
From all our science still conceal'd,
About the patient creatures dumb
A secret yet to be reveal'd?

A happy secret still behind,
Yet for the mute creation stored,
Which suffers, though it never sinn'd,
And loves and toils without reward.

A JOURNEY ON THE SOUTH-DEVON RAILWAY.

The young oak casts its delicate shadow
Over the still and emerald meadow;
The sheep are cropping the fresh spring grass,
And never raise their heads as we pass;
The cattle are taking their noon-day rest,
And chewing their cud with a lazy zest,
Or bathing their feet in the reedy pool
Switch their tails in the shadows cool;
But away, away, we may not stay,
Panting and puffing, and snorting and starting,
And shrieking and crying, and madly flying,
On and on, there's a race to be run and a goal to be won ere the set of the sun.

Two white clouds are poised on high,
Sunning their wings in the azure sky;
Two white swans float to and fro
Languidly in the stream below,
As it sleeps beneath a beechwood tall,
Clouds, and swans, and trees, and all,
Image themselves in the quiet stream,
Passing their lives in a sunny dream;
But away, away, we may not stay,
Panting and puffing, and snorting and starting,
And shrieking and crying, and madly flying,
On and on, there's a race to be run and a goal to
be won ere the set of the sun.

Under the tall cliffs, green and deep
The ocean rests in its mid-day sleep;
The waves are heaving lazily
Where the purple sea-weeds float;
Sunbeams cross on the distant sea,
Specked by the sail of the fisher's boat;

But away, away, we may not stay,
Panting and puffing, and snorting and starting,
And shrieking and crying, and madly flying,
On and on, there 's a race to be run, and a goal to be won ere the set of the sun.

Into the deep dell's still retreat,
Where the river rushes beneath our feet,
Skirting the base of moorland hills,
By the side of rocky rills,
Where the wild-bird bathes and plumes its wing,
Where the fields are fresh with the breath of spring,
Where the earth is hushed in her noon-day prayer,
No place so sacred but we come there.
On nature's mid-day sleep we break,
And are miles away ere her echoes wake:
We startle the wood-nymphs in their play,
And ere they can hide are away, away!

Away, away, we may not stay,
Panting and puffing, and snorting and starting,
And shrieking and crying, and madly flying,
On and on, there 's a race to be run and a goal to be won ere the set of the sun.

THE THREE TRANCES.

LEGEND OF A NORTHERN SEER.

I WAS a glad and sunny child,
And in the fount of life
Which, gushing from its hidden cave
In many a clear and sparkling wave,
Each with sweet music rife,
Wells in the morning sunlight up
E'en to its stony brim,
Dropping into each flowery cup
That trembles on the rim,
Thence trickling through the long soft grass
That springs up green where'er it pass,
(E'en from the stones it lives among
Ringing a clear and hearty song,

Each joyous chime and merry burst
As fresh and glad as 'twere the first),
I bathed, and quenched my healthy thirst,
Until my heart grew wild.

I bounded o'er the bounding turf,
I shouted to the shouting surf,
I laugh'd with the merry streams,
My playmates were the birds and bees,
The noisy wind, the whispering breeze,
And changeful summer gleams.

And in the still and sultry hours,
When Nature droop'd and was sad,
Weary with thirst and heat,
The tread of my light feet
Was cool and musical,
As when, at evening, fall
Drop by drop in lonely pools the summer showers,
And the desert looked up and was glad.

I strove with the madden'd storm,
I leapt the crag with the waterfall,
For the blood in my veins was warm,
And storms, and streams, and gleams, and all
The mighty creatures of the wild,
In their fierce, exulting play,
They welcomed me
To their company,
And they laughed to see a little child
As strong and as glad as they.

Then a shadow came before my eyes,
And a weight upon my heart,
And my breath came slow,
Laden with heavy sighs,
And one I did not know
Ever to me
Clung wearily,
And whispered that we never more should part.

And on the crags where I was wont to stand
He dragged me downward with a heavy hand,
And on the mountains where I used to be
As mountain breezes free,
He came, and then my steps fell heavily,
And in the forest glad and lone,
Where winds and ancient trees,
And the torrent and the breeze,
Had talk'd to me as to a fellow of their own.
His heavy breath my voice would choke,
His wings would cloud my spirit o'er,
I could not answer when they spoke,
And I was of their fellowship no more.
The waters laugh'd—I could not laugh—
In their ancient dwelling
Nature's founts were welling,
Life-giving as of old, but not for me to quaff.
For ever he would bide
By my side,
And 'neath his heavy tread the springs were dried.

From crag to crag the torrent sprung,
Ever young.
My step had lost its spring,
The young winds sang their wonted song
The flowers among,
A song I might not sing.

The ocean and the stormy winter weather
Play'd their wild play together
As of old.
I could not play, and grew to dread the storm,—
The blood in nature's veins was warm,
Mine ran cold.

And when in noontide hours of weariness
Nature had laid her down to sleep
In the solitude,
My step no more awoke the wilderness,
My voice no more her parched heart could steep
With life and good,

Like fountains gushing in a thirsty place;
Nature no more was glad to see my face,
For I was faint and sad as she,
And wheresoe'er my steps I bent,
Ever with me that Dark One went
With heavy footsteps wearily.
He drank my cup of life till it was dry,
He weigh'd upon my heart till it grew cold,
He touch'd my eyelids hot and heavily,
And nothing smiled as it had smiled of old

I laid me down upon a woodland bank,
Where the breath of spring came slow in languid sighs,
And smiles on me
Beam'd tearfully
From out the holy depths of violet eyes;
My heart within me sank.
I laid me down upon the bank and wept;
A sleep, which was not sleep, came o'er my soul,

Men mourn'd to see my light of life thus fade;
They knew not that the Ancient One*
That shadow o'er my soul had thrown,
That He might commune with me in the shade.
That cloud of sleep around my sense did roll,
That He might come to me in visions as I slept.
They knew not that my sleep had dreams—
Dreams to which all that seem most real beside
Are but as lights in restless waves that glide,
The changeful image of most changeful gleams

For life is one long sleep,
O'er which in gusts do sweep
Visions of heaven;
The body but a closéd lid,
By which the real world is hid
From the spirit slumbering dark below,
And all our earthly strife and woe,
Tossings in slumber to and fro,

* The old Lapland appellation for God

And all we know of heaven and light
In visions of the day or night
To us is given.

I talked with the Ancient One
In that mysterious seeming slumber,
Nor yet with Him alone,
But blessed spirits without number,
Who crowd around His throne.
And loud and clear the tide of praises swell;—
Nor only in that lofty sphere they dwell.
But round His children throng,
Invisibly ever,
And pour their glorious song,
Though audible never,
Save when at evening, in the solitude,
When not a breeze has stirred,
A quiver thrills through all the silent wood;
Can *it* have heard?
O what a drunkenness of joy my soul doth steep
With thought of the unutter'd visions of that sleep!

And I have been since then
A prophet amongst men;
They honor me as one whose eyes
Have looked upon the mysteries
Of the true world where spirits dwell,
To whom the great book is unrolled.
O! if thus reverently they deem
Of the poor fragments of that dream
Which can in human words be told,
What would they think of that I cannot tell?

And when that awful slumber broke,
He who so long of late
Was my associate
No longer closely in my pathway stood,
But in the sky,
Heavily,
Like a thunder cloud with dusky wings did brood,
And to something of my former life I woke.

The sunny laugh, the spring-tide sigh,
The blood-full vein,
The bounding step the beaming eye,
Came not again;
Joys that too quickly came and fled,
To find a name.
The tears that started in my eye,
I know not whence,
And ere I could have question'd why
Were from hence,—
The heart that danced amongst the forms of spring,
Like them a joyous growing thing,—
These came not, yet to me were brought;
A thousand joys too deep for thought,
For unto the suffering one
God sent a joy of His own;
And the storm and the solitude
Again unto my soul were good.
For ever in the silence and the din
The unseen spirits talk'd to mine within.

Yet on my pathway evermore
That heavy cloud doth darkly lower,
Like thunder-laden air,
Damping each transient thought of mirth,
Weighing my energies to earth,
A burden hard to bear.
And sometimes when I've seen
My brothers dancing round
With strength's exulting bound,
Impatiently my heart would pray
That I might be even as they,
Even as I had been;
But then some gentle sprite would hover by,
And breathe a high and cheering word
Such as the heart's deep waters stirr'd,
And all my grief would melt in ecstasy.
Nor only 'neath the cloud,
By suffering, is my spirit bow'd,
But with too great a weight of glory,
As with long years my head is hoary,

This feeble frame dissolves away,
Before the blaze of that full day;
Life, breathing with too strong a breath,
Will crush this body into death.

And twice again that wondrous guest
Hath come close to my side as of old,
Hath laid his heavy hand upon my breast,
Until my blood ran cold.
Hath hid with stifling breath again
The light of life from me,
Hath bound me with a threefold chain
That draggeth heavily,
All my raptured soul to steep
In the sleep which is not sleep.
To me he is no more unknown,
His face has all familiar grown,
And dearer than the blessed sun,
For with him comes the Ancient One.

O, come to me once more!
Shadow my spirit o'er;
Three times thy hand hath been on me
Heavily,
Come with yet heavier grasp, and crush
This frame to dust;
Three times thy breath hath dimm'd my light
Into night;
Come and breathe on it mightily,
Till it die.
Three times the cloud of sleep o'er my soul
Thou didst roll;
Come now, and fix the shadow there,
Let me sleep e'er,
That I may dream those visions o'er
Evermore.
Nay; with loud voice this slumber break,
That I may wake,
And be with the Ancient One
By His throne.

Come now, and with no feeble hand,
Strain thy band,
Until this heavy veil be riven,
Which shuts my spirit from the light;
Come, Strong One, bear my soul to heaven,
And crush this lid which shrouds my sight;
I care not what the anguish be,
So I be free;
Come, choke this slow and laboring breath,
And I will bless thee, Death.

ON THE DEATH OF THE PRINCE CONSORT.

Silently springing upward, as grow the things of God,
His life grew up among us, and cast its shade abroad;

Silently, as the sapling grows to the forest oak;—
As the Temple on the Hill of God, profaned by no rude stroke.*

Silently, as the sun-light deepens through all the air,
Till, scarcely thinking whence it comes, we feel it everywhere;—

* A comparison used in the *London Times* in reference to the Prince Consort.

Yet only as he leaves us, we gaze upon the sun,
And as we say, "How beautiful!" he sets, and
day is done.

Silently pressing onward, as work the men of God,
The lowly path of duty, on the dizzy heights he
trod.—

Gifted with powers which meaner men with fadeless
bays have crowned;
With a poet's sense of beauty in hue, and form,
and sound;

Steadfastly, as for life or fame,—yet not for self,—
he wrought;
But royally for others spent strength, and time,
and thought;

In guiding other men to fame,—showing what fame
should be,—
Inspiring other men to do, and training them to see;

Lightening the heart of genius from the crippling
load of care;
Making poor men's homes more home-like, and all
men's homes more fair;

Bringing beauty, like the sunshine, into common
things, and small;
Ennobling toil for working-men, ennobling life
for all!

In lowly, self-forgetful works, none but the no-
blest do,
Till few among the mighty have left a fame so
true;

Living a life so meekly great beside an empire's
throne,
That the humblest man among us, by it might
mould his own;

Dying, to bind a nation, as only tears can bind,
For once, with all its myriad aims, one home, one heart, one mind ;

Crowned by an empire's sorrow, mourning from end to end ;
Wept silently in countless homes, as each had lost a friend.

Thus silently God took him, early ripened in his prime,
From the echoes and the shadows of these dim shores of Time;

To the Song which wakes the echoes, broken here by din and strife;
To the Light which casts the shadows, the Light in whom is life ;

To the Throne for us abandoned once, for the Cross,
and shame, and pain;
To the One who sits there evermore,—the One who
has been slain;

To the living, loving Fountain of all great, and
good, and fair,—
To dwell with Him for ever, and be made perfect
there!

And e'en from such a home as his, where all
earth's best was blent,
Can we doubt, when God thus called him, that
willingly he went?

But for that perfect home his loss has left so
desolate,
And for that woe, made matchless by years of joy
so great.

Thy people would have shed their blood this woe
from thee to keep;
But now what can thy nation do, our Queen, for
thee but weep!

Yet, has not God his balms for pain nothing on
earth can still;
Balms which can pluck the *sting* from grief,—
balms which its *void* can fill?

The first to take the *sting* away,—"Fear not, for
I am love;
He is with me, and I with thee; and it is Home
above!"

The second, when the anguish so keen, and new,
and strange,
Has sunk into the slow, dull pain, the blank that
cannot change;

Then, through the void that healing Voice breathes
its soft balm again,—
"Life is no empty, barren waste, and grief is *not*
in vain!"

Empty for none; and least of all, Mother and
Queen, for thee;
Could tears but tell thee what thou art to us, and
still shalt be!

What it has been to Britain, through years of
storm and gloom,
To honour in her highest place, for a chair of
state,—a *home!*

Could'st thou but know the healing dews of honest,
loving tears,
Which flow for thee, from eyes long dried by the
dull weight of cares;

Or how the love thy life has won through all thy
happy years,
Deepened to tenderest reverence, now soars to
heaven in prayers;

Oh, would not all the track of life, which seems so
long to grief,
Filled with such service for thy land, even to thee
seem brief?

JANUARY, 1862.

PART III.

HYMNS AND MISCELLANEOUS POEMS.

THE WAY, THE TRUTH, AND THE LIFE.

Thou art the Way!
All ways are thorny mazes without Thee;
Where hearts are pierced, and thoughts all aimless stray,
In Thee the heart stands firm, the life moves free:
Thou art our Way!

Thou art the Truth!
Questions the ages break against in vain
Confront the spirit in its untried youth;
It starves while learning poison from the grain:
Thou art the Truth!

Thou art the Truth!
Truth for the mind grand, glorious, infinite,
A heaven still boundless o'er its highest growth;
Bread for the heart its daily need to meet.
Thou art the Truth!

Thou art the Light!
Earth beyond earth no faintest ray can give;
Heaven's shadeless noontide blinds our mortal sight;
In Thee we look on God, and love, and live:
Thou art our Light!

Thou art the Rock!
Doubts none can solve heave wild on every side,
Wave meeting wave of thought in ceaseless shock;
On Thee the soul rests calm amidst the tide:
Thou art our Rock!

Thou art the Life!
All ways without Thee paths that end in death;
All life without Thee with death's harvest rife;
All truths dry bones, disjoined, and void of breath.
Thou art our Life!

For Thou art Love!
Our Way and End! the way is rest with Thee!
O living Truth, the truth is life in Thee!
O Life essential, life is bliss with Thee!
For Thou art Love!

THE PATHWAYS OF THE HOLY LAND.

The pathways of Thy land are little changed
Since thou wert there;
The busy world through other ways has ranged,
And left these bare.

The rocky path still climbs the glowing steep
Of Olivet,
Though rains of two millenniums wear it deep,
Men tread it yet.

Still to the gardens o'er the brook it leads,
Quiet and low;
Before his sheep the Shepherd on it treads,
His voice they know.

The wild fig throws broad shadows o'er it still,
As once o'er Thee;
Peasants go home at evening up that hill
To Bethany.

And as when gazing Thou didst weep o'er them,
From height to height
The white roofs of discrown'd Jerusalem
Burst on our sight.

These ways were strew'd with garments once and palm
Which we tread thus;
Here through Thy triumph on Thou passedst, calm,
On to Thy cross.

The waves have wash'd fresh sands upon the shore
Of Galilee;
But chisell'd in the hill-sides evermore
Thy paths we see.

Man has not changed them in that slumb'ring land,
Nor time effaced:
Where Thy feet trod to bless we still may stand;
All can be traced.

Yet we have traces of Thy footsteps far
Truer than these;
Where'er the poor, and tried and suffering are,
Thy steps faith sees.

Nor with fond sad regrets Thy steps we trace;
Thou art not dead!
Our path is onward, till we see thy face,
And hear thy tread.

And now, wherever meets Thy lowliest band
In praise and prayer,
There is Thy presence, there Thy Holy Land,
Thou, Thou, art there!

VEILED ANGELS.

OR AFFLICTIONS.

UNNUMBER'D blessings, rich and free,
Have come to us, our God, from Thee.

Sweet tokens written with Thy name,
Bright angels from Thy face they came.

Some came with open faces bright,
Aglow with heaven's own living light.

And some were veil'd, trod soft and slow,
And spoke in voices grave and low.

Veil'd angels, pardon! if with fears
We met you first, and many tears.

We take you to our hearts no less ;
We know ye come to teach and bless.

We know the love from which ye come ;
We trace you to our Father's home.

We know how radiant and how kind
Your faces are, those veils behind.

We know those veils, one happy day,
In earth or heaven, shall drop away;

And we shall see you as ye are,
And learn why thus ye sped from far.

But what the joy that day shall be,
We know not yet ; we wait to see.

For this, O angels, well we know,
The way ye came our souls shall go :

Up to the love from which ye come,
Back to our Father's blessed home.

And bright each face, unveil'd, shall shine,
Lord when the Veil is rent from Thine!

THE WORD OF LIFE.

"We are His workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works."

We know there once was One on earth
Who penetrated all He saw,
To whom the lily had its worth,
And Nature bared her inmost law.
And when the mountain-side He trod,
The universe before Him shone,
Translucent in the smile of God,
Like young leaves in the morning sun.
Glory which Greece had never won,
To consecrate her Parthenon.

Nature her fine transmuting powers
Laid open to His piercing ken;
The life of insects and of flowers;
The lives, and hearts, and minds of men;

Depths of the geologic past,
The mission of the youngest star;—
No mind had ever grasp so vast,
No science ever dived so far.
All that our boldest guess sees dim
Lay clearly visible to Him.

Had He but uttered forth in song
The visions of His waking sight,
The thoughts that o'er His soul would throng,
Alone upon the hills at night;
What poet's loftiest ecstacies
Had stirred men with such rapturous awe
As would those living words of His,
Calm utterance of what He saw!
All earth had on those accents hung,
All ages with their echoes rung.

But He came not alone to speak,
He came to live, He came to die:

Living, a long lost race to seek;
Dying, to raise the fallen high.
He came, Himself the living Word,
The Godhead in His person shone;
But few and poor were those who heard,
And wrote His words when He was gone,—
Words children to their hearts can clasp,
Yet angels cannot wholly grasp.

But where those simple words were flung,
Like raindrops on the parchéd green,
A living race of poets sprung,
Who dwelt among the things unseen;
Who loved the fallen, sought the lost,
Yet saw beneath time's masks and shrouds,
Whose life was one pure holocaust,
Death but a breaking in the clouds:
His volume as the world was broad,
His Poem was the Church of God.

NOT GRUDGINGLY, OR OF NECESSITY

THE MIRACLE AT THE MARRIAGE FEAST.

The Hand that strews the earth with flowers
Enrich'd the marriage feast with wine;
The Hand once pierced for sins of ours
This morning made the dew-drops shine;

Makes rain-clouds palaces of art,
Makes ice-drops beauteous as they freeze;
The heart that bled to save,—that heart
Sends countless gifts each day to please;

Spares no minute refining touch
To paint the flower, to crown the feast,
Deeming no sacrifice too much;
Has care and leisure for the least;

Gives freely of its very best,
Not barely what the need may be,
But for the joy of making bless'd—
Teach us to love and give like Thee!

Not narrowly men's claims to measure,
But question daily all our powers:
To whose cup can we add a pleasure?
Whose path can we make bright with flowers?

DURABLE RICHES.

The meanest creature of His care
Finds some soft nest to greet it made,
The hunted beast has yet its lair;—
He had not where to lay His head.

And scarce a little child that dies
But has its treasured things to share;
Its little store of legacies
Love hoards thenceforth with sacred care.

He left no treasure to divide;
E'en the poor garments which He wore
Were shared by strangers ere He died,
For their own worth, and nothing more.

Yet when the first disciples trod
Vineyards and fields of other men,
Pilgrims beside the Son of God,
Had royal grants enriched them then?

Or when, on His ascension-day,
They stood once more on Olivet,
And town and village 'neath them lay,
Gems in their vines and olives set,—

Nor vines or olives, house or lands,
They own'd those hills and valleys o'er,
Yet, when Christ lifted up His hands
And bless'd them, were those Christians poor?

If of that world which is His own,
Where every knee to Him shall bow,
Some special acres each had won,
Had they been richer then, or *now?*

THE CRUSE THAT FAILETH NOT.

"It is more blessed to give than to receive."

Is thy cruse of comfort wasting? rise and share it
with another,
And through all the years of famine it shall serve
thee and thy brother;

Love Divine will fill thy storehouse, or thy hand-
ful still renew;
Scanty fare for one will often make a royal feast
for two.

For the heart grows rich in giving; all its wealth
is living grain;
Seeds, which mildew in the garner, scatter'd, fill
with gold the plain.

Is thy burden hard and heavy? do thy steps drag wearily?
Help to bear thy brother's burden; God will bear both it and thee.

Numb and weary on the mountains, wouldst thou sleep amidst the snow?
Chafe that frozen form beside thee, and together both shall glow.

Art thou stricken in life's battle? Many wounded round thee moan;
Lavish on their wounds thy balsams, and that balm shall heal thine own.

Is the heart a well left empty? None but God its void can fill;
Nothing but a ceaseless Fountain can its ceaseless longings still.

Is the heart a living power? self-entwin'd, its strength sinks low;
It can only live in loving, and by serving love will grow.

ONLY THAT THE SUN IS COMING

Shall the summer have no singing?
Shall so much of good be given,
And no sweet return of praises
Rise to meet the songs of heaven?

All my life, from morn till even,
So with happy cares be fraught,
That a slumbrous spell of silence
Chains the deeper founts of thought?

So I mused one summer morning,
When sweet songs the silence stirr'd,
Filling all the air with gladness,
From a little cagéd bird.

No especial pomp of sunrise
Woke that early joyous hymn ;
No peculiar fount of blessing
Gush'd that morning fresh for him.

Only that the sun is coming,
Rising slowly o'er the hill,
This familiar joy sufficing
All his happy heart to fill.

Only that the sun is coming,—
All the world's dear light and his,—
Therefore, o'er the still grey morning
Flows his song in ecstasies.

Yet his sun, this night departing,
Leaves him caged and desolate ;
Whilst our Sun, in glory rising,
Bursts the cage, and shall not set ;

Breaks the bars, unveils the eyesight,
Sets us free to gaze and soar,
Free for tireless song and service
In the day that dies no more.

Only that the Sun is coming!
Had we not a joy but this,
Should not speech o'erflow in singing,
And the heart be still in bliss?

THE FOLD AND THE PALACE.

THE FOLD.

THERE is a fold, once dearly bought,
  But open'd now to all,
Reaching from regions high as thought,
  Low as our race can fall.

Far up among the sunny hills,
  Where breaks the earliest day;
Down where the deepest shadow chills
  The wanderer's downward way.

There some have seen a Shepherd stand,
  Who guards it day and night;
Mightier than all, His gentle hand,
  His eyes the source of light.

I know, the feeblest that have e'er
Enter'd those precincts bless'd
Find everlasting safety there.
Freedom and life and rest.

But I have wander'd far astray,
Blinded and wearied sore;
How can I find the plainest way,
Or reach the nearest door?

The silence with a voice is fraught,—
When did I hear that tone?—
Awful as thunder, soft as thought,
Familiar as mine own.

"I am the Door," those words begin;
I press towards that voice,
And, ere I know it, am within,
And all within rejoice.

THE PALACE.

There is a Palace vast and bright;
Athwart the night's cold gloom
Stream its soft music and warm light,—
A Palace, yet a Home.

The guests who are invited there
Are call'd therein to dwell;—
"Laden with sin, oppress'd with care,"
The calling suits me well.

They say none ever knock'd in vain,
Yet I have often tried,
And scarce have strength to try again,—
Will one, then, be denied?

Again that voice my spirit thrills,
So strange, yet so well known,
Divine, as when it rent the hills,
Yet human as my own.

The golden portals softly melt
Like clouds around the sun,
And where they stood, and where I knelt,
Behold that matchless One!

He pleads for me, He pleads with me,
He hears ere I can call;
Jesus! my first step is to Thee,
And Thy first gift is *all!*

THE TWO REPROACHES.

Thy voice made rocks Thy fountains; ocean waves
A wall around Thy chosen; desert caves
Their temples; flames their car of victory.
Thy touch made lepers pure as infancy.
Thy word lulls storms to sleep, like babes at play:
Or, as they rage, bids them white *chrisoms* lay
For flowers. Thy smile makes tears of sinful men
The joy of angels. Shall we wonder, then,
That blinded hate, and envy mask'd in scorn,
Twining for Thee the crown of sharpest thorn,
But wove a wreath of glory for Thy brow;
And broken hearts, which sins and sorrows bow,
Scanning through all the heaven of Thy Word
Some special guiding-star of hope to see;
And angels, searching tributes for their Lord,
Finding these words of those that hated Thee,

"*This man receiveth sinners,*" and again
(Written in blood earth's darkest record o'er),
"*He saved others,*" pause and search no more;—
Both finding all they sought, gaze and adore.

SUGGESTED BY THE PROMETHEUS BOUND.

Thy tortures made no lament,
No pity with their task was blent;
Thy cup of anguish was unmix'd,
And human hands Thy hands transfix'd,
O Thou who lovedst man!

No ocean beam'd Thine eyes before,
With "countless laughter" dimpled o'er,
But heavings of an angry sea
Of human faces mocking Thee,
O Thou who lovedst man!

No "fragrant stir of heavenly wings,"
But mockeries and murmurings;
No depths divine of azure sky,
But darkness dread received Thy cry,
O Thou who lovedst man!

Yet was Thy cry of agony
Earth's first true peal of victory,
Hushing the world-old blasphemy,
That God gives good reluctantly,
O God who lovedst man!

Since Thou thus sufferedst to fulfil
Willing the Father's loving will,
And lifting off the load of sin
Let the free tide of love flow in,
O Thou who lovedst man!

The Fount of Fire for us is won,
Since Life and Light in Thee are one,
Thy bonds have made the fetter'd free,
And man unbound Love binds to Thee,
O Christ who lovedst us!

EUREKA.

Come and rejoice with me!
For once my heart was poor,
And I have found a treasury
Of love, a boundless store.

Come and rejoice with me!
I who was sick at heart,
Have met with One who knows my case,
And knows the healing art.

Come and rejoice with me!
For I was wearied sore,
And I have found a mighty arm
Which holds me evermore.

Come and rejoice with me!
My feet so wide did roam,
And One has sought me from afar,
And beareth me safe home.

Come and rejoice with me!
For I have found a Friend
Who knows my heart's most secret depths,
Yet loves me without end.

I knew not of His love,
And He had loved so long,
With love so faithful and so deep,
So tender and so strong.

And now I know it all,
Have heard and know His voice,
And hear it still from day to day;—
Can I enough rejoice?

THE GOSPEL IN THE LORD'S SUPPER.

No Gospel like this Feast
  Spread for Thy Church by Thee,
Nor prophet nor evangelist
  Preach the glad news so free.

Picture and Parable!
  All Truth and Love Divine,
In one bright point made visible,
  Hence on the heart they shine.

All our Redemption cost,
  All our Redemption won;
All it has won for us, the lost,
  All it cost Thee, the Son.

Thine was the bitter price,—
Ours is the free gift given;
Thine was the blood of sacrifice,
Ours is the wine of heaven.

For Thee the burning thirst,
The shame, the mortal strife,
The broken heart, the side transpierced;—
To us the Bread of Life.

To Thee our curse and doom
Wrapp'd round Thee with our sin,
The horror of that midday gloom,
The deeper night within.

To us Thy Home in light,
Thy "Come, ye blessed, come!"
Thy bridal raiment, pure and white,
Thy Father's welcome home.

Here we would rest midway
As on a sacred height,
That darkest and that brightest Day
Meeting before our sight;

From that dark depth of woes
Thy love for us hath trod,
Up to the heights of bless'd repose
Thy love prepares with God;

Till, from self's chains released,
One sight alone we see,
Still at the Cross as at the Feast,
Behold Thee, only Thee!

ON A BAPTISM.

"The waves of this troublesome world."

Near the shore the bark lay floating, by the sunny
waves caress'd,
With the darling we were watching cradled in a
dreamy rest.

But, borne o'er that heaving ocean, wilder sounds
our gladness check,
Stormy winds and human wailings; Ah! that sea
bears many a wreck.

Fear not! hopes no strength could warrant to the
feeblest faith are given:
Looking forward strains the eyesight,—looking up-
ward opens heaven.

Deeper than that ocean's tempests, softer than its murmurs be,
Breathes a Voice, a Voice thou knowest, "Trust thy little one to Me."

Thou hast brought thy babe to Jesus; He hath seen her, He hath bless'd;
In His arms thy faith hath laid her, and He bears her on His breast.

Gently on thy sleeping darling, eyes, the light of heaven, shine;
Mother, by the love thou knowest, measure His; it passeth thine.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN.

What marks the dawning of the year
From any other morn?
No festal garb doth nature wear
Because a Year is born.

The sky is not more full of light,
The air more full of song,
And silent from the caves of night
Glide the grey hours along.

And I, to whose awaken'd eyes
So fair this morn appears,—
How know I where to-morrow lies?
God grants not life by years.

Father! to-day upon my head
Thy hand in blessing lay;
Give us this day our daily bread,
Renew our hearts to-day.

Our Lord and Saviour! all we ask
Is that, through Thee, forgiven,
To us each day our daily task,
Our daily strength be given.

That when at last the Trump of Doom
Sends its long peal abroad,
We, glad within Thy heavenly home,
May keep the Day of God.

SUNDAY EVENING HYMN.

Another day of heavenly rest,
And angels' toil is ended,
And to the chorus of the bless'd
The last hymn has ascended.
Tranquil as an infant's sleep
Eve shadows cot and meadow;
Let Thy peace with calm as deep
The wearied spirit shadow.

As of old the apostle band
All their labors bore Thee,
Lowly at thy feet we stand,
Lay our work before Thee.
Pardon Thou the imperfect deed,
Crown the weak endeavor,
Prosper Thou the heavenly seed,
Work Thou with us ever.

Thou know'st how sin and error e'er
In all our efforts mingle,
How seldom mortal eye is clear,
Or human purpose single.
Let Thy blood, O dying Lord,
Blot out all our evil:
Let Thy touch, O living Word,
All our errors shrivel.

Let Thy lambs we sought to feed
By Thy hand be nourish'd;
Let them be Thy lambs indeed,
In thy bosom cherish'd.
To the griefs we cannot reach
Breathe Thou consolation;
To the hearts we cannot teach
Bring Thou Thy salvation.

May the tone of this day's prayers
Vibrate through the seven;

Sabbaths, work-days, pleasures, tears,
Mould us all for heaven.
That taking thus each joy and woe
As Thy gifts parental,
To us life's daily bread may grow
Viands sacramental.

EARLY RISING HYMN.

Wake! the costly hours are fleeting;
Wake, arise!
Wake, and let light's joyous greeting
Hail thine eyes!
God to thee an angel sendeth,
From the azure heavens descendeth
Fresh as May
The new-born Day.

On her head a crown she weareth,
With blessings rife;
In her hands a cup she beareth,
A cup of life.
Every drop of its full measure
Is a pearl of heavenly treasure:
Haste; arise!
Claim the prize!

Let some drops in free libation
First be pour'd,
Pour'd in lowly adoration
To thy Lord!
To Him who bore such anguish for thee,
Him who, risen, watcheth o'er thee,
Wake and raise
Songs of praise!

Where the watch thou should'st be keeping?
Child of day!
Saints are weeping, sinners sleeping,
Rise and pray!
Think what Night is deepening o'er thee,
Think what Morning lies before thee.
Child of Day,
Rise and pray!

Saviour, rouse me, nerve me, bless me
With strength divine;

Wholly let Thy love possess me,—
Me and Mine.
Let each moment soar above
Laden with some work of love,
Till we rise
To Thy skies.

That, thus knit in blessed union,
Lord, to Thee!
Every act may be communion,
Lord, with Thee!
And Thy presence ever near us
May o'er each temptation cheer us
Thus to rise—
Thus to rise!

SOWING IN TEARS.

TO A MISSIONARY WHO HAD LABORED MANY YEARS WITHOUT SEEING ANY RESULT.

Ye have not sowed in vain!
Though the heavens seem as brass,
And, piercing the crust of the burning plain,
Ye scan not a blade of grass.

Yet there is life within,
And waters of life on high:
One morn ye shall wake, and the spring's soft green
O'er the moisten'd fields shall lie;

Tears in the dull, cold eye,
Light on the darken'd brow,
The smile of peace, or the prayerful sigh,
Where the mocking smile sits now.

Went ye not forth with prayer?
Then ye went not forth in vain;
"The Sower, the Son of man," was there,
And His was that precious grain.

Ye may not see the bud,
The first sweet signs of spring,
The first slow drops of the quickening shower
On the dry, hard ground that ring;

But the harvest-home ye 'll keep,
The summer of life ye 'll share,
When they that sow and they that reap
Rejoice together *there!*

THE WELL AT SYCHAR.

(ON FINDING IT FILLED UP BY THE ARABS.)

THEY have stopp'd the sacred well which the patriarchs dug of old,
Where they water'd the patient flocks at noon, from the depths so pure and cold;

Where the Saviour asked to drink, and found at noon repose:
But the living spring He open'd then no human hands can close.

They have scatter'd the ancient stones, where at noon He sat to rest:
None ever shall rest by that well again, and think how His accents bless'd;

But the Rest for the burden'd heart, the Shade in the weary land,
The riven Rock with its living streams, for ever unmoved shall stand.

Earth has no Temple now, no beautiful House of God;
Or earth is all one temple-floor which those sacred feet hath trod.

But in heaven there is a Throne, a Home, and a House of prayer:
Thyself the Temple, Thyself the Sun; our pilgrimage endeth there!

Nablous, *June*, 1856.

SONG FOR AN INFANT SCHOOL.

THUS we sing as we march, and we march as we sing,
And the joy of our hearts in our voices shall ring.

The little birds fill all the air with their glee,
Yet they 've not half as much to be glad of as we :
So with thrushes and blackbirds we 'll joyfully sing
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The grasshopper chirps in the long summer grass,
The frisking lambs bleat in the fields as we pass :
So with wee things and young things we 'll joyfully sing
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The river shouts glad as it dances along,
The little stream murmurs a sweet, quiet song:
So with rivers and streamlets we 'll joyfully sing
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

The breezes sing soft 'mid the thick leaves of June,
E'en the hoarse wintry wind tries to whistle a tune:
So with soft winds and strong winds we 'll joyfully sing
All thanks to our Father, all praise to our King.

Pleasant songs at his work hums the blithe, busy bee,
And we 'll not be less blithe or less busy than he:
So with all busy creatures we 'll joyfully sing
All thanks to our Father all praise to our King.

Thus God gives a measure of gladness to all,
And a share of His praises to great and to small.
So we who owe most will most thankfully sing,
And our voices, though weak, to His footstool shall
ring.

ALL LIVE UNTO HIM.

(*For a Friend on the Death of her Little Boy.*)

THY voice is not hush'd, darling, though to me its
tones are still,
And have left a silence in my home no music e'er
can fill;
There is a place within God's world where Thou
art heard, my boy,
And thy words are words of praise, and thy tones
are tones of joy.

Thine eyes are not closed, darling, though they are
closed to me,
And half the light is gone with them from all the
sights I see;

They have but open'd on the day, the day that needs no rest,
And they shine like happy stars in the heaven of the bless'd.
Thy spirit has not pass'd away, no sleep its vision shrouds;
It has but pass'd into the light, the light beyond the clouds.

Thou art not lonely, darling, though so lone thou hast left me,
Thousands of happy spirits love and rejoice with thee;
And He who loved the little ones, and tenderly caress'd,
Has laid thee in His arms, darling, and clasp'd thee to His breast.

WAITING.

(*Suggested by Trees bending over a Dry Watercourse near Como.*)

It will come, it will not tarry! we shall not wait
in vain,
With a burst of sudden thunder, or the trickling of
quiet rain,

A tranquil stream of blessing will well around our
roots,
And the thrill of life will vibrate to our utmost
budding shoots.

Or when all the land is silent, lifeless, and sad, and
dumb,
From the snowy mountain-ranges the sound of joy
will come;

The shock of the ancient battle (for the storm, not
the calm, comes first),
And from the unchain'd glaciers the river of life
will burst,

Ringing new peals of triumph through all the sul-
try plain,
For the light and the life must conquer, and the
dead must live again.

Therefore with loving patience we bend o'er these
channels dumb,
Awaiting the vanish'd Presence, and the Life which
is to come.

A SICK CHILD'S DREAM OF HEAVEN.

Oh, mother, come to my bed-side,
For God in love has given
The brightest, happiest dream to me;
It must have come from heaven.

So, mother, lay your hand in mine,
And sit beside me there;
I am too weak to talk aloud;
I love to feel you near.

I and some little friends of mine
Seem'd walking out together
Along the green and flowery fields,
In glad warm, summer weather;

Till to a garden bright we came,
With silver gates so fair,
Which made sweet music as they turn'd
To let us enter there.

And flowers of every form and hue
Grew all that garden o'er;
But flowers so fair, so bright, so sweet
I never saw before.

And our poor Marianne was there,
Who died some weeks ago,
And many more I've heard you say
Pass'd through great pain and woe.

But now no tears are in their eyes,
No pain is on their brow;
You would not think they could have wept,
Were you to see them now.

With golden crowns upon their heads,
And robes of dazzling white,
They smiled and bid us welcome there
Into that garden bright,

And show'd us golden crowns and robes
Which we one day should wear;
But not quite yet, till we, like them,
Had pass'd our trial here.

But, mother, all those lovely flowers,
And skies which knew no gloom,
Did not make half the blessedness
Of that sweet garden home;

Nor yet the robe of snowy white
The golden diadem;
Nor yet the band of blessed friends
Who welcomed us to them.

But the Lord who loved the little ones
Walk'd through that happy place;
I heard His voice, He spoke to me,—
Mother, I saw His face!

And I am, oh, so happy now,
Dear mother, weep not thus;
I know He has a crown for you,
And you will come to us.

Oh, do not cry; I cannot grieve:
For what are death and pain,
If we may only hear that voice,
And see that Face again!

TO ONE AT REST.

And needest thou our prayers no more, safe folded
'mid the bless'd?
How changed art thou since last we met to keep
the day of rest!
Young with the youth of angels, wise with the
growth of years;
For we have pass'd since thou hast gone a week of
many tears,
And thou hast pass'd a week in heaven, a week
without a sin,
Thy robes made white in Jesus' blood, all glorious
within.

We shall miss thee at a thousand turns along life's
weary track,
Not a sorrow or a joy, but we shall long to call
thee back,

Yearn for thy true and gentle heart, long thy
bright smile to see,
For many dear and true are left, but none are
quite like thee!
And evermore to all our life a deeper tone is given,
For a playmate of our childhood has enter'd into
heaven.

How wise, and great, and glorious, thy gentle soul
has grown,
Loving as thou art loved by God, knowing as thou
art known!
Yet in that world thou carest yet for those thou
lov'dst in this;
The rich man did in torments, and wilt not thou in
bliss?
For sitting at the Saviour's feet, and gazing in His
face,
Surely thou 'lt not unlearn one gentle human
grace.

Human, and not angelic, the form He deigns to wear,
Of Jesus, not of angels, the likeness thou shalt bear.

At rest from all the storms of life, from its night-watches drear,
From the tumultuous hopes of earth, and from its aching fear;
Sacred and sainted now to us is thy familiar name:
High is thy sphere above us now, and yet in this the same;
Together do we watch and wait for that long-promised day,
When the Voice that rends the tombs shall call, "Arise and come away,
My Bride and my Redeemed, winter and night are past,
And the time of singing and of light has come to thee at last;"

When the Family is gathered, and the Father's
House complete,
And we and thou, beloved, in our Father's smile
shall meet.

"HE SAVED OTHERS."

When scorn and hate, and bitter, envious pride
Hurl'd all their darts against the Crucified,
Found they no fault but this in Him so tried?
"He saved others!"

Those hands, thousands their healing touches knew;
On wither'd limbs, they fell like heavenly dew;
The dead have felt them, and have lived anew:
"He saved others!"

The blood is dropping slowly from them now;
Thou canst not raise them from Thy thorn-crowned brow,
Nor on them Thy parch'd lips and forehead bow:
"He saved others!"

That Voice from out their graves the dead had
stirr'd;
Crush'd, outcast hearts grew joyful as they heard;
For every woe it had a healing word:
"He saved others!"

For all Thou hadst deep tones of sympathy—
Hast Thou no word for this Thine agony?
Thou pitiedst all; doth no man pity Thee?
"He saved others!"

So many fetter'd hearts Thy touch hath freed,
Physician! and Thy wounds unstaunch'd must bleed;
Hast Thou no balm for this Thy sorest need?
"He saved others!"

Lord! and one sign from Thee could rend the sky,
One word from Thee, and low those mockers lie;
Thou mak'st no movement, utterest no cry,
And savest us.

MARAH AND ELIM.

THREE long days of desert sunshine, toiling 'neath
those scorching beams,
Three long nights of heavy silence, gladden'd by
no sound of streams.

Hear the waters now around us, see them sparkling
in the sun!
Surely now our trial ceaseth!—surely now our
goal is won!

Lips long parch'd and seal'd in silence press the
joyous waves to kiss;
Eyes whose tears were dried by anguish overflow
with tears of bliss;

Toilworn men, themselves untasting, left to dearer
lips the prize,
Drinking draughts of deeper pleasure from the
smile of grateful eyes.

But a moment! but a moment may the rapturous
dream remain;
But a moment! from the nation bursts a sob of
wildest pain.

Children dash the bitter waters from them with a
moaning cry;
Mothers, by the mocking fountains, lay their little
ones to die.

Hearts that bore the trial bravely, with this shat-
ter'd hope have burst;
Streams for which we pray'd and waited, bitter
streams, but mock our thirst.

Was it but for this the ocean, parting, bent our feet
to kiss,
Fiercely then our foes o'erwhelming? Were our
first-born spared for this?

Better to be slaves in Egypt! better to have per-
ish'd there!
Better ne'er a hope have tasted, than to sink in this
despair.

Israel! Israel! hush thy murmurs, hide thy guilty
head in dust!
He who is the Joy of heaven feeleth grief in thy
distrust.

Gently to thy wails He answers, "I am He that
healeth thee;"
E'en to-day the streams thou loathest shall thy best
refreshment be.

And to-morrow, but to-morrow, He thy sins so often
grieve,
Trains thee for, and storeth for thee, joys thy heart
can scarce conceive.

Coolest waters leaping, gushing 'neath the shade of
many a palm!
Let no memory of murmurs mar for thee that
blessed calm.

So thy Marah shall be Elim, and thy Elim know
no fears,
For the fount of deepest gladness springeth near the
place of tears.

"COME AND SEE."

"Rabbi, where dwellest Thou?—Come and see."—JOHN i. 35 to end.

MASTER, where abidest Thou?
Lamb of God, 'tis Thee we seek;
For the wants which press us now
Other aid is all too weak.
Canst thou take our sins away?
May we find repose in Thee?
From the gracious lips to-day,
As of old, breathes, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
We would leave the past behind;
We would scale the mountain's brow,
Learning more Thy heavenly mind.

Still a look is all our lore,
  The transforming look to Thee:
From the Living Truth once more
  Breathes the answer, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
  How shall we thine image best
Bear in light upon our brow,
  Stamp in love upon our breast?
Still a look is all our might;
  Looking draws the heart to Thee,
Sends us from the absorbing sight
  With the message, "Come and see."

Master, where abidest Thou?
  All the springs of life are low;
Sin and grief our spirits bow,
  And we wait Thy call to go.

From the depths of happy rest,
Where the just abide with Thee;
From the Voice which makes them bless'd
Comes the summons, "Come and see."

Christian, tell it to thy brother,
From life's dawning to its end;
Every hand may clasp another,
And the loneliest bring a friend;
Till the veil is drawn aside,
And from where her home shall be
Bursts upon the enfranchised Bride
The triumphant "Come and see!"

"MY STRENGTH AND MY HEART FAILETH."

In weakness at Thy feet I lie,
Thine eye each pang hath seen,
Scarce can I lift my heart on high,
Yet, Lord, on Thee I *lean:*

Lean on Thy sure, unfailing word,
Thy gentle "It is I;"
For Thou, my ever-living Lord,
Know'st what it is to die.

Thou wilt be with me when I go,—
Thy life my life in death;
For, in the lowest depths, I know
Thine arms are underneath.

'Tis not the infant's feeble grasp
Which holds the mother fast;
It is the mother's gentle clasp
Around her darling cast.

Just so Thy child would cling to Thee,
Knowing Thy pity long;
For feeble as my faith may be,
The hand I clasp is strong.

REST FOR THE HEAVY LADEN.

"Come unto Me, all ye that labor and are heavy laden, and I will give you rest."—MATT. xi. 28.

SILENCE in heaven and earth!
The hush of love or fear!
His voice the Highest sendeth forth;
The still small voice is here.
The world's hoarse murmurs under,
Its loudest din above,
It speaketh not in thunder,
But in words, and the tone is love.
It calls, and a gift it offers;
To whom are those words address'd?
"Come, *ye that are heavy laden*,
And I will give you *rest*.

Ye that have toil'd in vain,
Till strength and hope have fled,

And lavish'd the years that come not
again,
For that which is not bread;
Ye who are toiling now,
Weary in heart and limb,
With a strength each day more low,
And a hope each day more dim;
Weary in soul and spirit,
Toiling with hearts oppress'd,
"Come to Me, all that labor,
And I will give you rest."

Is guilt unpardon'd there
With heavy hand and strong,
The weight in the air of measureless fear,
Or of hope deferréd long?
The sorrow which freezeth tears
With the force of a sudden blow,
The long, dull pressure of weary years,
Bowing you silently low?

Many the burdens and hard
Wherewith the heart is press'd :
" Come, *all* that are *heavy* laden,
And I will give you rest."

The world has many a promise
To beguile the blithe and young ;
But to you the world is honest,—
It has ceased to promise long.
Wealth, pleasures, fame, successes,
The world has store of these ;—
For you it no cure professes,
It offers you no ease.
But Christ has an arm almighty,
And a balm for the faintest breast ;
" Come, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

Would ye fain, among the sleepers,
In dust your tired hearts bow ?

The rest He gives is deeper,
And He will give it *now*.
No dull, oblivious sleep
In the lull of pain repress'd,
But all your hearts to steep
In perfect and conscious rest,—
Rest that shall make you strong
To serve among the bless'd.
"Come, all that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

The rest of a happy child,
Led by the Father on,
Feeling His smile, and reconciled
To all that He has done;
Of one who can meekly bend
'Neath the yoke of the Lord who died;
Of a soldier who knows how the fight will end
With a Leader true and tried;

The rest of a subject heart,
Of its best desires possess'd.
"Come, ye that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

Rest from sin's crushing debt,
In the blood which Christ has shed;
From the pang of vain regret,
In the thought that He has led.
Rest in His perfect love;
Rest in His tender care;
Rest in His presence for you above,
In His presence with you here.
Rest in Him slain and risen,
The Lamb, and the Royal Priest.
"Come, all that are heavy laden,
And I will give you rest."

"IT IS I; BE NOT AFRAID."

MATT. xiv. 27.

Toss'd with rough winds, and faint with fear,
Above the tempest, soft and clear,
What still small accents greet mine ear?—
"'Tis I; be not afraid.

"'Tis I, who washed thy spirit white;
'Tis I, who gave thy blind eyes sight;
'Tis I, thy Lord, thy Life, thy Light:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"These raging winds, this surging sea,
Bear not a breath of wrath to thee;
That storm has all been spent on Me:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"This bitter cup, I drank it first;
To thee, it is no draught accurst;
The hand that gives it thee is pierced:
'Tis I; be not afraid.

"Mine eyes are watching by thy bed,
Mine arms are underneath thy head,
My blessing is around thee shed:
'Tis I: be not afraid.

"When on the other side, thy feet
Shall rest 'mid thousand welcomes sweet,
One well-known voice thy heart shall greet:
'Tis I; be not afraid."

From out the dazzling majesty
Gently He 'll lay His hand on thee,
Saying, "Beloved, lov'st thou Me?
'Twas not in vain I died for thee;
'Tis I; be not afraid."

GOD IS LOVE.

PARAPHRASE ON PSALM XXXVI.

(Ver. 5–11.)

THY mercies link heaven with earth,
Like the clouds, fall and gather again;
They fill all the heavens like light,
They freshen all earth like the rain.

Like the mountains Thy righteousness stands,
From whose stern sides the living stream flows,
Their calm brows look down on the storms,
And the plains in their strong arms repose.

Thy judgments are fathomless depths,
Yet the deepest in blessings abound;
No chaos or darkness is there,—
Love fills what no creature can sound.

But what can compare with Thy love,
So boundless, so costly, so free?
Thy truth and Thy justice are Thine;
Who speak of Thy love speak of Thee!

It broods like the mother-bird's wing;
It yearns to fold all to its breast;
And all who will listen and trust,
And gather beneath it, are bless'd.

For with Thee is the Fountain of Life,
Thou wilt give us to drink of it soon,
The cold waters fresh from the Rock,
Ever fresh in the glow of Thy noon.

And with Thee is the Eden of bliss,
Its sunshine no Fall shall eclipse,
Its rivers flow pure from Thy throne,
And Thy hand lifts the draught to our lips.

Thou wilt lead us within Thine abode,
The feast which Thou spreadest to share;
We shall dwell in Thy house as a home,—
The heart will be satisfied there.

Oh, make our hearts pure to behold,
And light in Thy light we shall see;
For to gaze and still gaze on Thy love,
O our God, is to gaze upon Thee!

"SUMMER IN THE SOUL."

AUTUMN was on the earth,
  When Summer came to me,
The "Summer in the soul,"
  And set the life-springs free.

Darkness was on my life,
  A heavy weight of night,
When the Sun arose within,
  And filled my heart with light.

Ice lay upon my heart,
  Ice-fetters still and strong,
When the living spring gushed forth,
  And filled my soul with song.

That Summer shall not fade,
That Sun, it setteth never;
The fountain in my heart
Springs full and fresh for ever.

Since I have learned thy love,
My Summer, Lord, Thou art;
Summer to me, and Day,
And life-springs in my heart.

Since I have learned Thou Art,
THOU LIVEST, and art Love,
Art Love, and lovest me,—
Fearless I look above!

Thy blood blots out my sin,
Thy love casts out my fear;
Heaven is no longer far,
Since Thou, its Sun, art near.

Here Thou abid'st awhile
  Here in the night with me;
Soon thou wilt take me home--
  Home to Thy light, with Thee.

Where is no night, nor eyes
  Which weeping long for night;
Eyes whence Thou wip'st the tears,
  Can bear Thy cloudless light.

Summer, life-fountains, Day,
  Within, around, above!
Where we shall see Thy face,
  Where we shall feel Thy love!

THE CROSS.

NEVER further than Thy Cross!
Never higher than Thy feet!
Here earth's precious things seem dross,
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Gazing thus, our sin we see,
Learn Thy love while gazing thus;
Sin which laid the Cross on Thee,
Love which bore the Cross for us.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather strength to die.

Symbols of our liberty
And our service here unite,
Captives by Thy Cross set free,
Soldiers of Thy Cross we fight.

Pressing onwards as we can
Still to this our hearts must tend;
Where our earliest hopes began
There our last aspirings end.

Till amid the hosts of light,
We in Thee redeemed, complete,
Through Thy Cross made pure and white,
Cast our crowns before Thy feet.

THE CHILD ON THE JUDGMENT-SEAT.

WHERE hast thou been toiling all day, sweet heart,
That thy brow is burdened and sad?
The Master's work may make weary feet,
But it leaves the spirit glad.

Was thy garden nipped with the midnight frosts,
Or scorched with the mid-day glare?
Were thy vines laid low, or thy lilies crushed,
That thy face is so full of care?

"No pleasant garden-toils were mine,
I have sate on the judgment-seat,
Where the Master sits at eve, and calls
The children around his feet."

How camest thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweet heart, who set thee there?
'Tis a lonely and lofty seat for thee,
And well might fill thee with care.

"I climbed on the judgment-seat myself;
I have sate there alone all day,
For it grieved me to see the children around,
Idling their life away.

"They wasted the Master's precious seed,
They wasted the precious hours;
They trained not the vines, nor gathered the fruits,
And they trampled the sweet meek flowers."

And what didst thou on the judgment-seat,
Sweet heart, what didst thou there?
Would the idlers heed thy childish voice?
Did the garden mend for thy care!

"Nay, that grieved me more: I called and I cried,
But they left me there forlorn;
My voice was weak, and they heeded not,
Or they laughed my words to scorn."

Ah! the judgment-seat was not for thee,
The servants were not thine;
And the eyes which fix the praise and the blame,
See farther than thine or mine.

The voice that shall sound there at eve, sweet heart,
Will not strive or cry to be heard;
It will hush the earth, and hush the hearts,
And none will resist its word.

"Should I see the Master's treasures lost,
The gifts that should feed his poor,
And *not* lift my voice, (be it weak as it may)
And *not* be grieved sore?"

Wait till the evening falls, sweet heart,
Wait till the evening falls;
The Master is near, and knoweth all —
Wait till the Master calls.

But how fared *thy* garden-plot, sweet heart,
Whilst thou sat'st on the judgment-seat?
Who watered thy roses, and trained thy vines?
And kept them from careless feet?

"Nay, that is saddest of all to me,
That is saddest of all!
My vines are trailing, my roses are parched,
My lilies droop and fall."

Go back to thy garden-plot, sweet heart;
Go back till the evening falls,
And bind thy lilies, and train thy vines,
Till for thee the Master calls.

Go! make thy garden fair as thou canst,
Thou workest never alone;
Perchance he whose plot is next to thine
Will see it, and mend his own.

And the next may copy his, sweet heart,
Till all grows fair and sweet;
And when the Master comes at eve,
Happy faces his coming will greet.

Then shall thy joy be full, sweet heart,
In the garden so fair to see,
In the Master's words of praise to all,
In a look of his own for thee!

AUGUST, 1865.

TALITHA CUMI!

"*Talitha*, in the dialect of the people, a term of endearment used towards a young maiden."—*Dean Alford on "St. Mark's Gospel."*

"*TALITHA Cumi!*"
The mother spoke;
And lightly from slumber
The child awoke.

* * * *

In sweet dreams folded
At dawn of day,
As in dew a rosebud,
The maiden lay.

The fair lids rounded
In calm repose;
Long lashes shading
The cheek's soft rose.

The lips half parted,
As though she smiled,
When with kisses the mother
Awoke the child.

"*Talitha cumi!*
Damsel, arise!"
And slowly opened
Those happy eyes.

* * * *

In deep sleep buried,
At close of day,
Silent and pallid
The maiden lay.

In the heart no beating,
On the cheek no rose;
Placid but rigid
The pale lips close.

No gentle heavings
Of even breath.
And the mother sobbeth—
"Not sleep, but death!"

No need for hushing
Her anguish now;
No wailings will trouble
That placid brow.

No wild lamentings
The mourners make,
No tumult of minstrels
That sleep can break.

Silence those death-wails
Of wild despair!
"*Not dead, but sleeping!*"
The Life is there!

Gentle His accents,
Mother, as thine;
Yet Galilee's tempests
Know them Divine.

Kingly, He chaseth
The mocking band;
Softly He toucheth
The clay-cold hand.

"*Talitha cumi!*
Damsel, arise!"
And slowly open
Those death-sealed eyes.

With a name of endearment,
Tender and soft,
(Her mother had waked her
From sleep with it oft),

He calls her spirit
Beyond the tombs,
"*Talitha cumi!*"
She hears and comes.

And the gates of Hades,
The gates of brass,
Which through the ages
None living pass,

Before those accents
Quake as with thunder,
Quiver like aspens,
And part asunder;

Open like flowers
Touched by the sun;
Yet through the wide portals
Passeth but one.

Fearless came through them
The soul of the child,
Saw Him who called her
Knew Him, and smiled.

* * * *

"*Talitha cumi!*"
The Saviour spoke;
And as from light slumbers
The dead awoke.

April, 1862.

GETHSEMANE.

"Now is my soul exceeding sorrowful, even unto death."
"The Lamb of God, who taketh away the sin of the world."

Sin *hardens*, all the heart, with ice encrusting,
And narrowing its current evermore;
Therefore, O Saviour, loving, pitying, trusting,
Thy heart no ice of sin e'er crusted o'er

Was tenderer to feel each pang that tried thee
Than any heart that ever broke or bled;
The coward love that followed yet denied thee,
The selfish fear that kept far off or fled.

* * * *

But sin must ever *weaken* while it hardens,—
Enfeebling to endure, or act, or dare,
Till nothing save the balm of heavenly pardons
Can nerve the heart again to do or bear.

Then must thy heart be stronger far to suffer
Than any sinful heart that ever beat;
And if thy path than any path be rougher,
Yet hast thou tenfold strength its woes to meet.

What tide of grief, then, Mightiest! o'er thee rushes,
Thus tasking e'en thy patience and thy trust?
What woe beyond all woe thy spirit crushes,
Bowing thee, sinless, spotless, to the dust!

Martyrs for thee have gone to meet their anguish,
Singing glad psalms e'en with their dying breath;
Not all their tortures causing once to languish
The hope that led them forth for thee to death.

Thy Stephen's face shone like a happy angel's,
Uplifted midst the stones towards thy skies,
Beaming from radiant brows thine own evangels,
And glowing with the welcome in thine eyes.

Yet thou, Lord, liftest not thy face to heaven,
But bowest prostrate on the dewy sod;
Thy soul exceeding sorrowful, with death-pangs riven,
Thy sweat of anguish as great drops of blood.

What storm is this in which thou all but sinkest,
Whose arm has borne so many through the flood?
What bitter cup is this from which thou shrinkest,
Strength of all martyrs, patient Lamb of God?

The sin of all the world, whose throne thou claimest,
Hadst made so fair, so fallen, loved and sought;
The sin of all thine own, to whom thou camest,
Thou camest, and thine own received thee not;

The sin of all the saved, that dying blessed Thee,
Who from the sting of death hadst set them free;
The sin of all thy martyrs, who confessed thee,
And died rejoicing that they went to thee;

The sin of thine apostle, who denied thee,
Cursing with perjured oaths as he denied;
The sin of those who torturing deride thee,
And of thy Stephen, blessing as he died.

This is the weight of agony unspoken
Which thee, O Highest, thus so low hath laid?
The curse of all the law mankind had broken,
The sin of all the world which thou hadst made.

Earth's serried woe and crime in one compressing,
Thou buriest all within thy single breast,
And changest thus our every curse to blessing,
Giving us life through death, in labour rest.

May, 1862.

THE TWO ACCUSATIONS.

A Cross stands black against the last pale glow
Of that dread day that twice was veiled in night;
The form that quivered there when noon was high
Rests low amidst the shrouds and spices now,
And reverent hands have wiped that thorn-crowned brow.
But where it bowed at noon, death-dewed and white,
The Roman's accusation meets my sight,
Earth's homage rendered in her own despite,
Proclaiming in three tongues thy right divine!

Yet as I gaze my heart discovers there
Another accusation black and clear;
These were the crimes that slew Thee!—*They*
are mine!
But it is torn, and blotted with thy blood;
No more a sentence, but a pardon sealed by God.

July, 1862.

HOW DOTH DEATH SPEAK OF OUR BELOVED?

"The rain that falls upon the height,
Too gently to be called delight,
In the dark valley reappears
As a wild cataract of tears;
And love in life shall strive to see
Sometimes, what love in death would be."
COVENTRY PATMORE'S "*Angel in the House.*"

How doth death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It clothes their every gift and grace
With radiance from the holiest place,
With light as from an angel's face;

Recalling with resistless force,
And tracing to their hidden source,
Deeds scarcely noticed in their course,—

This little, loving, fond device,
That daily act of sacrifice,
Of which too late we learn the price;

Opening our weeping eyes to trace
Simple unnoticed kindnesses,
Forgotten tones of tenderness,

Which evermore to us must be
Sacred as hymns in infancy,
Learned listening at a mother's knee.

Thus doth death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let love antedate the work of death,
And do this now.

How doth death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It sweeps their faults with heavy hand,
As sweeps the sea the trampled sand,
Till scarce the faintest print is scanned.

It shows how such a vexing deed
Was but a generous nature's weed,
Or some choice virtue run to seed;

How that small fretting fretfulness
Was but love's over-anxiousness,
Which had not been had love been less;

This failing at which we repined,
But the dim shade of day declined,
Which should have made us doubly kind.

Thus doth death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
Then let love antedate the work of death,
And do this now.

How doth death speak of our beloved,
When it has laid them low;
When it has set its hallowing touch
On speechless lip and brow?

It takes each failing on our part,
And brands it in upon the heart,
With caustic power and cruel art.

The small neglect that may have pained,
A giant stature will have gained,
When it can never be explained;

The little service which had proved
How tenderly we watched and loved,
And those mute lips to glad smiles moved;

The little gift from out our store,
Which might have cheered some cheerless hour,
When they with earth's poor needs were poor,
But never will be needed more!

It shows our faults like fires at night,
It sweeps their failings out of sight;
It clothes their good in heavenly light.

O Christ, our life, foredate the work of death,
And do this now;
Thou, who art love, thus hallow our beloved!—
Not death, but Thou!

JUNE, 1862.

IN MEMORY OF THE REV. J. D. BURNS.

WHY do we moan, and wonderingly complain,
And murmur, "O mysterious ways of God!"
When the fine gold whence beams His image plain
Is stored within His innermost abode?

It *were* mysterious if the Master's hand
Lavished its skill some choice work to prepare,
And then, unfinished, cast it on the strand
To perish incomplete and broken there.

But when the last completing touch is given,
The master-touch that all the rest inspires,
And the rich colours and the gold of heaven,—
Enamelled in the last of many fires,—

Shine forth at length to full perfection wrought,
A vessel meet the Master's House to grace,
A picture breathing with the Master's thought,
A portrait beaming back the Master's Face;—

What wonder if His treasure thence He take,
Where earthly damps the burnished gold might dim,
Where careless hands the gracious form might break
—Take to the Father's House, within, with Him?

What wonder when the training of the schools
Has done such work as schools and lessons can;
When through the discipline of tasks and rules
The boy compacts, expands into the man,—

If to the Field the Father bids him come,
Where manhood's earnest standards are unfurled?
Is not the school an exile from the home?
Is not the school the threshold of a world?

Who wonders, when the finished gem is borne
  Its light upon the sovereign's brow to yield!
Who would not wonder if the ripened corn
  Were left to perish on the harvest-field?

Yet we who wander o'er the leafless land,
  Where golden seas waved musical and fair·
On us falls heavily, as thus we stand,
  The blank and silence of the falling year.

Still at the school, we miss the brother's eye,
  Whose working near us made us work our best,
Whose generous smile still drew our aims on high,
  Whose ripe achievement shamed self-soothing rest.

We mourn, "O God! we needed him so much!
  Here are so many tangling coils to loose,
So many hearts that need the tenderest touch,
  So few hands trained like his to finest use!

"And hast Thou thus through blows and fires,"
we sigh,
"And subtlest touches shaped this instrument
For choicest work, only to rest on high?"
But swift the answer smites our discontent.

"This earth is but for learning and for training,
Earth's highest work but such as children do,
The workmen here their priceless skill are gaining,
The true life-work is yonder, out of view."

Lord, we would bow, while faith our grief controls,
And thank Thee for the liberating blow,
Which breaks these chains wherewith we cramp
our souls
To little rounded dreams of life below;—

Which shows this life doth but our life begin,
Is but *outside*, the porch of the Abode,
And death the going home, the entering in,
The stepping forth on the wide world of God.

IT IS NO DREAM.

FOR ——— ON THE DEATH OF THEIR ONLY BOY.

Was it a dream? such gladness with it bringing,
That life whose dawn with such deep joy we hailed, —
Those loving baby arms so fondly clinging,—
Those eyes whose smiles so soon in death were veiled?

Alas! no dream had left such life-long traces,
Such silence as that little voice has left,—
The blank no other presence e'er replaces;
It is no dream which leaves us thus bereft.

It is no dream! Thy spirit dieth never!
That little star through endless time shall beam;
Heaven shall be brighter for thy light for ever,
And gladder for thy voice. It is no dream!

It is no dream! By God that gift was given;
Man may repent his gifts; God deals not thus.
A new immortal joy is ours in heaven,
And He who gave will give thee back to us.

It is no dream, that Paradise immortal,
Where He who blessed the babes has welcomed thee,
Fearless the infants pass its solemn portal,
Borne in His arms, His face alone they see.

Yet, Father! who, for us, in love most tender,
Didst yield to death Thy Son, Thine only Son,
Thou knowest all the cost of such surrender,
Help us to say with Him, Thy will be done;

Till looking back, with this our child beside us,
On all the way through which our feet were brought;
We sing, "It was no dream by which God tried us,
No dream the weight of glory it has wrought!"

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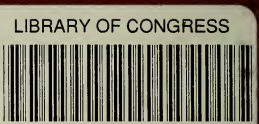
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